







THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

---

VOL. V, No. 29.—SEPTEMBER, 1873.

---

## A QUESTION OF GUMPTION.

WE remember it distinctly, very distinctly, in fact we have never forgotten how, when we were about half through our collegiate curriculum, it was our fortune, good or bad, as the case may be, to be placed under the tuition of a certain respected professor, with whom we didn't get along very well; in fact, we do not think any of his pupils ever did. Socially he was all right, amiable, intellectual, painstaking; oh, yes! painstaking enough, nobody could gainsay that—at least he intended to be so; but the trouble was that he didn't take pains in the right direction. The boys, too, were quick, bright, and docile, and would have been studious had their ambition been properly aroused; but the best boys in the world will not apply themselves assiduously, unless their preceptor possesses the ingenuity, or tact, or *savoir faire*, as the French so aptly style what in vulgar English we commonly designate *the art of how to do it*. The good man, whose memory we revere, did not possess this happy faculty.

Like so many others who, while endowed with the highest talents for acquiring knowledge, are totally incapable of imparting it to others, he could not throw himself into the spirit of his duties. To have taught small children would have been for him a physical impossibility, hence he was usually called upon to preside over more advanced students, but woe to those students if they had not learned much before coming under his tuition; they would, indeed, have so many pages of study appointed them, and when the hour of recitation came would receive a not impatient hearing, but there was no explanation, no effort to make their studies enticing. What intellectual ground they went over in his class-room, had been practically trodden before, and when they left him for a higher class, it was simply because promotion was in the natural course of college life. Hadn't the pupils gone through all the books? They knew what those books had been able to convey to



them, but they knew it parrot-like, by rote, if at all; but for the majority of them, the harvest of knowledge for that year had been plentiful in quantity, but insipid, tasteless, and generally poor in quality. Some few, indeed, of the pupils of lofty aspirations had taken matters into their own hands, and burnt not the midnight lamp in vain. The professor declared they were splendid fellows, hugged them to his bosom, and took the credit of their personal labors as his own. But alas for the intellectual hobbledoys, who comprised the vast majority of his pupils, and who studied in the *otium cum dignitate* style of an ordinary graduating class; alas! we say for them, when they had stumbled over recitation after recitation of dry lessons, what did he do to them? Well, sometimes he fired up with anger, raised superciliously his aristocratic eyebrows, which said as plainly as words, "Woe is me that a man of my calibre should be condemned to this humdrum business of teaching you blockheads; now you shall suffer for your laziness!" and then some punishment would be inflicted, which would satisfy in the conferring his passing anger, but which, when that anger had died away, he was too comatose, not to use a harsher expression, too comatose a character to seriously enforce. Of course, the gentlemanly victims were not such blockheads as not to see their teacher's weakness, and avail themselves of it, and so both trotted through the rounds on the *gee-up* principle, like donkey, like man. We have said that this was what he sometimes did, but such an effort was too excessive to be often repeated, so he generally contented himself, when vexed with the blunderings of some pupil who did not wish to usurp his teacher's prerogative, he generally contented himself, did this frightfully placid man, by throwing his arm up in the air, like Mary Anne,

in Dickens's "Mutual Friend," clenching his fist, and flinging it around in that elevated position, at the same time that he gave a peculiar stoop of the shoulders and forward rock to his body, and not forgetting the aforementioned twist of the eyebrows, would bring his clenched hand down again with a whack upon his knee, exclaiming, with a peculiar roll of the voice as he did so, "*Ooh for a leetle GUMPTION!*" to which some at least of the boys mentally responded, "Amen, for yourself as well as for us;" and then after this supreme effort of activity he would relapse into his native humor.

How often in later years has that sentence rung throughour memory, as we viewed the things of life in their false position of lifeless things! Oh! for a little gumption to revive their flickering spirit. A noble soul is wasting or mispending its energy, a noble deed remains unwrought, mighty things lie unaccomplished, for the want of a master spirit to bring them to the light of perfection. The huge block of marble remains a misshapen mass, because there is no artistic hand to deftly carve therefrom the delicately chiselled statue. The canvas is there, the palette, the colors, some daubster tries his hand upon them with the impudent self-assurance that he is a painter; needless to say, his achievement is a brilliant failure; no fault of the materials, they were the best of their kind. Yonder ragged little fellow watches the would-be master. In his absence, like Murillo's mulatto, Sebastian Gomez, he seizes the selfsame brush and colors, and with a few strokes, not so much of his pencil as of his genius which guided it, has wrought a masterpiece of painting, or mayhap, like a Watteau, or a Giotto, with a piece of charcoal and the surface of a stone as his only utensils.

Yonder stripling, confined by



some mischance to a room of sickness, in a home of poverty, watches the boiling of a tea-kettle. Perhaps his genius seizes therefrom the mighty secret of the power of steam; in a few moments of childish reflection he has acquired a wisdom that the proudest sons of science have for years sought in vain. But let us not be misunderstood; genius and gumption are not convertible terms. We are not asking now for genius, that rare gift of heaven; we seek only for that which a bounteous Creator has given to all men, if they will but use it, *a little gumption*. But let us first properly define the word. Gumption is derived from the Northern dialects, and our two great modern lexicographers define it to signify, first, understanding, skill, shrewdness, cleverness, sagacity, capacity, and address, and Worcester aptly adds that colloquially it is used for common sense.

It is likewise applied by painters to the art of mixing colors, or properly blending them, and the name was professionally given by some to a nostrum, much in request by artists in search of *megilph*, the lost medium of the old masters, to which we presume their modern but inferior brethren of the brush superstitiously attributed the wonderful success of the ancient painters, rather than give the credit to their inspired genius. In its popular acceptance, it is usually understood to stand for all the above-mentioned qualities, combined with energy and promptitude in executing what the natural or acquired tact of the individual urges him to perform. It is, notwithstanding its respectable pedigree, neither an elegant word, nor yet a decided vulgarism, but rather one of the dubious aristocrats of the language, which having succeeded in pushing itself into the most select dictionary circles, is likely to retain its share of importance and position. Would that its influence were not only that of an

apt word, but of an apt virtue as well! Not that it is a rare virtue in this busy America, or this bustling nineteenth century; to the contrary, we know of no period of the world's history when gumption held such unlimited sway, when it so completely possessed the minds of all, even of inferior intellects, who by its glazed lustre light themselves through the darkened and secret places of the palaces of Genius, and who, by donning its tinselled panoply, make themselves shine, side by side, with men of talent, as though they were the peers of the peerless. Much of the boasted refinement and brilliant materialism of the times is the fruit not of real brain-power, but of trained and cultivated cunning, hence, when we come to analyze the intellectuality of those who pass for our elegant literati, or our gifted scientists, we find that it will not bear the strong test of a contact with true merit and genuine power, any more than a wooden barricade, however strong it outwardly appear, will resist the force of a heavy cannon-ball. Why then invoke the shabby Spirit of Gumption, since its inspiration is so flimsy, its spirit so weak? Because it is a valuable friend in its true position, namely, as an auxiliary agent; it is only when it usurps the throne of genius, and makes itself, or is made by the ignorant babble of the *vox populi*, the prime mover and vital principle of all achievements, material or spiritual, that we declare ruthless war against it.

Gumption, then, is one of the needs of the day. For whom? For the class of readers whom we are addressing, the last by whom it should be invoked, save in the direst necessity, the Roman Catholics of the United States, who in respect to the assertion of their rights and the assumption of their true position, socially and civilly, are the tamest portion of the American community. No piece of iron



drawn red-hot from the blazing furnaces of a rolling-mill, dragged over the brick floors, and then pounded flat as a wafer by the tremendous strokes of some stalwart devotee of *physical gumption*, can serve as a figure for the supineness, the flatulency, the inaninity of those who are forever prattling about the discovery of America by Catholic Spaniards, its civilization by Catholic French, its colonization and the introduction therein of freedom by Catholic Irish. Of what avail is the religious and political freedom, given by a Baltimore, and confirmed by the aid of Catholic France, perpetuated by the valor of Irish Catholic arms, if the descendants, by their lethargy of soul, are unworthy to share in the glory of the sires, or to enjoy the freedom inherited from them?

The Catholics of America can now be numbered by millions. They are not behind their Protestant fellow-citizens in intellect; for Catholic schools, colleges, and seminaries for both sexes, for youths of every grade of society, and of every age, from the juvenile in his primaries to the young man in his humanities and the graduate in his metaphysics, flourish all over the land. Neither do the children of the church fall below their neighbors in the enjoyment of this world's goods. They stand on equal footing in the profits of the professional arena; they share an equal chance, and use it too, in the marts of trade and commerce. Their houses are as handsome, their equipages as fine, their costumes as proper, as many of their neighbors; their wives and daughters wear as many shawls of fabrics woven from the backs of suppositive camels on India's coral strand, as many silks spun from worms that crawl on Persia's fabled shore, as many loves of bonnets from the Paris gaudy *boutiques*, and are blazoned with as many diamonds from

Golconda's mines or Cape May beach (we are not sufficient judge of the article to tell at a glance from which), as any female McFlimsey in the land.

The piety, too, of *some* of these fine ladies is, notwithstanding their worldly exterior, of a very energetic order, but it is of that kind which expends itself in vigorous efforts on "fairs," "select sodalities," fashionable retreats at popular convents, and bibs for Chinese babies. Happily for their soul's *temporal* comfort they are in profound ignorance of the rough-spoken enunciation of a certain old-time saint, who for his cultivated breeding and supposed gentlemanly qualities, is a great favorite with their "High Church" sisters, one, however, who said of himself, "By the *grace of God* I am what I am," and whose sentiments run somewhat in this wise: "The woman that hath not a care of her own household is worse than a heathen and hath lost the faith."

The husbands and fathers of these fine ladies give splendid balls and handsome banquets, they put down their names opposite handsome sums in all sorts of subscription-books (it would affect their social standing or their business influence if they did not); they take their families to all the theatres, balls, and operas they may attend, and, shame of shames! to a good many, such as the *Aimée bouffe* and Black Crook shows, where they ought not to see or be seen of others. They patronize the watering-places, and do not disregard the High Mass on a Sunday, especially if there is going to be an orchestral performance of a "glorious" Mass by a renowned composer, or if some distinguished pulpit orator is going to preach. Besides this they "do" Europe, and the stores of knowledge which they acquire from those paid secret emissaries of the foreign infidel governments, who, in the guise of couriers, guides,



and cicerones, cram their visitors' untutored brains with scandalous lies about the Church and her ministers, is so great, that these travelers' "liberal" minds will hardly permit them afterwards to remain in communion with her, save by a sort of silent compliment. In a word, like a certain gentleman of old, they are clothed in purple and fine linen, and have a good time generally every day; but here the parallel must end for the present, for they do not quite forget the Lazarus at their gates, not through charity but mere human benevolence, and for what is going to occur to them in another world, we do not intend to make this article responsible. Sometimes some scion of one of these noble Catholic houses (or even of one of the lower ranks, because, between ourselves, dear reader, there is such a thing as class and circle, and F. F.'s, and *parvenus*, even in Catholic society), sometimes, we repeat, some representative of nominal Catholicity gets into Congress or the Legislature, and his official record of public service bears at the close of his term, as his solitary act of statesmanship, that he has, at the instigation of certain parties in interest, put his name among the ayes on an appropriation bill for a Catholic charity, said bill being finally lost.

Well, then, Sir Grumbler, what is the matter? since, by your own admission, your fellow-churchmen rank quite as well as the best of their neighbors. Quite true! quite true *in a worldly sense*, but the trouble is that they ought to be a good deal better, head and shoulders, if we must say so, above the rest of the world. The spirit of their religion is that gift of faith, *which overcometh the world*. Alas! how little of its vitality is displayed in their lives; how little knowledge, consequently how little love of their religion, nay, in too many cases, how much positive shame

to own allegiance to its glorious rule.

Before whom? The brainless representatives of a *blasé* society, who crouch and tremble before the scholarly dignity of one who has the politeness not to intrude his religious views on an unseemly occasion, but who does possess the fearlessness to maintain them with courteous defence when wantonly attacked or truthfully sought for.

The mighty conqueror of Greek and Roman civilization, the potential refiner of northern barbarism, the miraculous civilizer of the nomadic races, the mother of a Jerome, a Gregory, an Augustine, a Bernard, a Thomas Aquinas, is not sufficient for them. The blood of the martyrs is not "blue" enough for their veins. The fostering patron of a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Dante, a Mozart, or a Haydn, may only occasionally receive a condescending smile from these patrons of an Offenbach, a Swinburne, or a Rosa Bonheur. The glorious ceremonial, the rich liturgy of the church falls dead and cold upon those whose senses are blinded by the tinsel of the mimic stage, or the false lustre of the sunshine of that worldliness in which they temporarily flourish, and whose strong glare on such marshy soil naturally produces a fungous undergrowth of "mixed marriages," and perversions from the church, and then, like a brood of annoying little insects, rise upon and buzz about the heads of faithful devotees, the importunities of their weak-minded but conscience-stricken brethren, for "novenas for my dear husband's conversion," or "little prayers that my son may go to his duties." Oh! how these worldly Catholics are put to shame by such men and women as that noble army of English converts, who, breaking through all worldly considerations, have trodden roughshod over the ruins of human re-



spect, to find in the bosom of the one true Church all that earth can give, or in heaven may be hoped for. Yet not the least of their trials in coming may have been that they received no hand of friendship, no sign of welcome save the sign of contradiction, from those whose arms should have been wide extended to receive them, whose lives should have been as so many Epiphany stars to light them to the feet of their Lord, but like the magi of old, whose glorious example these converts have emulated, they found on their arrival at the Holy City that "Herod was troubled," that worldliness had intruded into the sacred household, and that the light of faith was dimmed therein.

This is but a poorly-drawn picture of what not many, thank God, yet, alas, too many modern Catholics are socially and intellectually.

Let us for a moment regard them politically and civilly.

Politically speaking, what sort of a front do Catholics present? A very weak one. Did the young scion to whom we have already referred announce, during the term of official incumbency, any profound views of sound statesmanship, affecting Catholic rights? Did he startle his legislative brethren, or make the senatorial halls re-echo with soul-stirring doctrines from the saintly jurists of bygone ages, whose teachings have been approved by pontiffs and councils? Did he, using the advantages of his elevated position, "so let his light shine before men" that they too glorified our common Father in heaven? Oh, no! falling back on the old apologetic lie, behind which so many Catholics take refuge, that this is a Protestant country, that they cannot do here, with the freedom of speech and action, what might be quite in place in a foreign land, he wrapped himself in his toga of supineness, and

"Laid down to pleasant dreams."

What have done or what intend to do those numerous so-called "organizations," literary, social, and otherwise, which have now become a swarming but divided host all over the land? whose members meet together at certain stated periods, listen to some mediocre recitations, declamations, and debates on abstract questions, give a dinner on some national holiday, and then after a few months' sickly existence dissolve *sine die*, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The nucleus of an organization being formed, why are not the young men who compose it up and doing something beyond the contracted sphere of individual benefit (?)—the common effort for their country's and their church's good would redound quite as much to the benefit of the members individually, as the picnics, concerts, excursions, and literary entertainments (!) in which they so freely if not unprofitably indulge. Let us take a supposable case. The fall election is approaching. Parties in a certain legislative district are rather evenly divided; the Catholic vote either way will weigh down the balance. The candidate of one party is the Hon. Obadiah Slobberem—a weighty man is the Hon. Obadiah. He began life as a journeyman shoemaker, and having served an apprenticeship, in a double sense, to *waxed ends* and *half soles*, "swung round the circle" of political patronage, first deserting his bench for the honor of wearing the officer's gray and silver star of the police force, then was elevated to the aldermanic dignity, and so on till he now stands before the people known as "a self-made man," "the working-man's friend," and by various similar and cheap popular titles.

He belongs to various "lodges" with all the letters of the alphabet after their names, and, of course, regards the Pope and his adherents



—well, he tolerates the existence of such men as Romanists in a free country. Facts are stubborn things to get over, and the existence of a large body of Catholic voters in his district is—a fact. Moreover, honest Obadiah is a politician, and politicians are—well, we won't say what, but this much we will say, that some people who argue on theories of procreation, generation, involution, and evolution, similar to Mr. Darwin's, gently hint that Obadiah is lineally descended in a twisted line from that historical animal, to whom it was once said, "*Thou shalt crawl on thy belly.*" The other candidate is Captain Dick Dashaway. Captain Dick doesn't boast of anything in particular, except that he is a graduate of the High School, that his ancestry always voted the straight-out Democratic ticket, right or wrong, and that he himself is one of the "rising young men of the day," having at the early age of twenty-two served as clerk to the Sheriff, doorkeeper to the Constitutional Convention, and now likely to become one of the lawmakers of the great State of Pennsylvania. He was a war Democrat, and served at the interesting age of sixteen as drummer-boy under Geo. B. McClellan, and had the little finger of his left hand shot off at Antietam, on which account he was immediately breveted to a captaincy in a shortly after disbanded volunteer company (fortunate volunteer company!). He takes care to let the public know all this.

Now these are the two high priests of the temple political in the 111th district. The victims are the large body of Catholics in the district, who are taxed to support *State schools* to which they cannot conscientiously send their children, who are taxed every few Sundays at church to support *parish schools*, and who are taxed quarterly by appeals to their charity for the erection

of a splendid Catholic college in their vicinity, which will be ready for the reception of their children—in their second childhood. What is to be done? Where are those rising champions of American Catholicity who compose that literary association? They have gone in a body to the Hon. Obadiah, and told him that they mean business on this public school question; that while neither candidate is exactly to their liking, they will support the one who supports them, or run one of their own; that they will organize the Catholic voters of the district; that they will agitate; that they will never relax an effort till their end is gained. They have plainly told him all this and he has replied—well, our readers can imagine what such a man would reply, notwithstanding his anti-popish tendencies. The man who, notwithstanding he originally hated the negro, was nevertheless willing to receive him not only as "a man and a brother," but as "a hail-fellow well met," when he came with a ballot in his hand, could he do less for a Roman Catholic under similar circumstances?

Thence they marched in a body to call on gallant Captain Dick. They have told him of the favorable reception which "Old Obadiah" has given them, of the "pledges" he has laid down, and now they would like to know what he is "going to do about it," and the young sharper, who really cares about as much for Catholics and their interests, as for the dirt under his feet, has exclaimed in good High School English, "God bless you, gentlemen! Yes, I'll see you through. I'll send Slobberem and his piecrust promises sky high, the old fox! I know him; a very fine man in his way, but—er—er—Gentlemen, I always did love and respect the Catholic Church. Why, bless your hearts, I believe I'm one of you myself. I've heard my old

grandmother say that I was baptized in St. Patrick's Church. I never was good enough to live up to it; but I mean to die one yet."

Hold! not so fast, imaginative reader. No such scenes have taken place. The Hon. Obadiah has not quaked nor wriggled in his "self-made" boots, the political shoe has not pinched, nor has dashing Captain Dick been out of pocket for "drinks for all hands around," and why? Because our literary association is too busy getting ready for a debate to come off at its hall, the night after the election, on the question: "*Whether Adolph Thiers or Marshal McMahon is the best ruler for France.*"

Kind reader, thus hastily, crudely, yet we fear not too extravagantly, have we endeavored to draw a pen-and-ink picture of each rank and estate of Catholic society. Our strictures apply not, we repeat, to all, but they do apply, alas, to too large a portion of our community, and all for a want of *a little gumption*.

Catholic churches rear their spires, glistening with the cruciform emblem of salvation, all over this pleasant land. Who built them? A few zealous and devoted priests, worn down with the burden of their missions, collected the money from the laboring classes, and a *few* devoted wealthy sons of the Church. Catholic pulpits resound daily and weekly with the doctrines of the Church as to faith and morals; the seed falls on hearts choked up with the thorns of the world. There is a vesper instruction at St.—'s Church. The father of the family is at the head of his pew to hear it; he is rearing a family and needs all the instruction the Church can give, that he in turn may impart it to his children, and so he has come to church. *He has\* done no such thing.* He is up in his library smoking, evaporating thus the cares of the past week. Oh, but then he

has sent the children! *He has done no such thing.* Jack, the eldest, a fine fellow in every social respect—at least, so his father says, and his boon companions and chums say amen—is out for a drive; the younger boys go to Sunday-school, and the girls learn all things human and divine from those "dear sweet sisters at the convent." But ma has gone in pa's place. Indeed, she hasn't; she was up late at the ball last night, and so is taking her usual Sunday afternoon's nap. Foolish parents, do you expect our colleges and schools to do for hire what God required *solely of you* through natural affection? Your sons, indeed, have received at college all that a college was bound to give them—a Christian education. Not until heaven has deprived them of their natural protectors and trainers, will he confer upon any "professor," however devoted, the faculty of imparting to the youthful mind what parental example and influence must alone effect. Do you not know that God in his inscrutable wisdom has divinely ordained that the parents should be the prime moulders of the child's mind? That the Christian household is the first temple where the young heart is raised aloft? Do you not know that Jesus himself has set the seal of his choicest approbation on the influence of home training, by preparing for his great earthly mission in submitting for thirty years his divine wisdom to the guidance of no other schooling, and as if to confirm the prestige of its worth, would be known during his public career by no other name than *Jesus of Nazareth*? Do you not know that without this subtle and heaven-ordained element, all the teaching of priest and "sisters," colleges and convents, is but dubious and unsafe? Are you doing your duty in this regard? Let your conscience answer, if the world has left



you any. Let it tell you that the little harvest from so much seed, such good soil, and careful secondary cultivation, is because *you* have not first prepared the ground. In a word, you know your duty, you have the means, but worldliness has deprived you of the *gumption* to perform it. May we dare to tell you, Catholic ladies of this class, that not of such mothers as you was it said in the early ages of the Church, "What wonderful women have the Christians!" Not even in *pagan* Rome would the heathen mother of the Gracchi, or a Cecilia Metella, salute you as sister! Nor yet in modern times, and our own favored country, could you claim relationship with such a woman as Mary, the mother of Washington. Oh, no! America has been blest even in her Protestant matrons, be it said to your shame; for

"The mothers of our forest land,  
Stouthearted dames were they."

Oh! Catholic women of America, you who are the levers by which the social fabric is raised, by the sacred name of Mother, by the heavenly example and the heavenly aid of her who is peculiarly *your* model and pre-eminently your helper, when her aid is earnestly invoked, MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS, do for your Church, your country, and your family, a mother's, a wife's, and a sister's part in very deed.

Gentlemen of our nameless literary association and social club, for mutual improvement in arts, sciences, politics, and *et ceteras*, shall we refer you to the example of societies which serve as your models throughout Europe? Shall we refer you to the example in our own country of what one man can do towards the mental improvement of his fellow-men? Why then look with pride upon the form of Benjamin Franklin, as he stands erect over the doors of the great library

he founded, and which has been so aptly styled the parent of nearly all similar institutions in North America. Look at our academies of Fine Arts, of Natural Sciences, and our Franklin Institute, in which Philadelphia has outstripped nearly all her sister cities, and remember that to him above all others she owes them all. Should you seek for a just and honorable political influence, we refer you to that glorious man, Daniel O'Connell, who by the strength of his single will, and the energy of his devout aspirations, organized in the face of stupendous difficulties that great work of Ireland's Emancipation, and won for himself for all time the proud and to him peculiar title THE LIBERATOR. Oh! hearken to the oft-repeated words of benediction from our glorious Father, Pius IX, and have a care that you deserve them. Emblazon particularly on your society walls his remarkable utterance lately made to the young men of Italy who came in a large delegation to visit him.

"A certain young man presented himself to our Divine Master. He was desirous to save his soul and to obtain eternal life. 'What shall I do,' he said, 'to obtain eternal life?' A most excellent demand, one that all ought to make to God in the secret of their hearts, and with their voices to the ministers of God. I see you around me, my beloved sons, and you are at this moment my joy and my crown. You are further advanced than the young man of the Gospel. You do not come to ask what you ought to do to obtain eternal life, but to give account of what you have done to deserve it, and what you propose to do not only for your own salvation, but to promote that of others. The greater the incentives to evil, the more grave and numerous the scandals; the greater the efforts and audacity of hell to lead into sin, all the more praiseworthy your cour-

age, and I pray God to give you necessary strength.

"Let this always be engraven on your hearts, that all those who despise holy things, all those who make the Church the object of their attack, and talk, as if they were masters in Israel, about the abuses which, according to them, have crept into the Church, and wish you to partake their sentiment, their principles, and pretended reforms, say boldly, that all who talk thus are of this world, and the world cannot be with us. For whether these men speak from conviction, from malice, or to seek a worthless popularity, it is equally true that they represent the world, and St. Leo the Great would repeat to them his words: *Pacem enim cum hoc mundo, nisi amatores mundi habere non possunt; et nulla unquam iniquitati cum æquitate communico, nulla mendacio cum veritate concordia, nullus est tenebris cum luce consensus.*"

To our editors, publicists, and rising political representatives, we commend the energetic workings of a Louis Veuillot, a Montalembert, an Isaac Hecker.

To our young Catholic artists and authors we would ask, what is to prevent you, inspired as you are by the genius of your faith, the mother and mistress of all art, encouraged by the noblest models of artistic excellence, in music, painting, poetry, and sculpture, models which she alone can give you, what is to prevent you from creating a Catholic American school of art, which shall equal, if not outstrip any of the old world? There is nothing an American wills to do which he cannot do. Our material superiority is the proof of this.

Cannot our artistic excellence be equally great?

Far be it from any one to suppose that we have been railing at abuses in the Church. No, that is not our province; there are no abuses inside the Church. We have been picturing, and, perhaps, lecturing those worldly and unworthy Catholics, who cling like barnacles to the Church's bark, and who are generally scraped off into the muddy waters of perversion by the sharp scraper of persecution. We have been endeavoring to arouse a little generous enthusiasm among all classes, in the things of the Church, not because the Church stands in need of the efforts of any of her children, but because they all stand in need of her, and will be held accountable for the talents which the Church's lord and founder, their Creator and Redeemer, has conferred upon them for his church's and his own accidental glorification and their salvation.

We have but struck the key-note, undeftly and inartistically struck it; to other and more masterly hands we leave the composition of the grand triumphal march, in honor of Catholic American Gumption, but we hear in advance as of an undertone, a sweet sad voice sound vividly through the ages, "*Because ye were neither hot nor cold,*" and then, like the ancient chorus of the prophets, breaks in the bold and fearful strains, "*Many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of promise, but the children of the promise shall be cast out.*"



## THE OUTCAST ONE.

MIRTH was in that distant city on a mellow summer even,  
 Sounds of laughter and of music float along the twilight air,  
 Down the brilliant moonlight streameth from the azure vault of heaven,  
 And the stars in stillness glitter with a light divinely fair.

Laughter on the crowded footway, where the slaves of fashion wander;  
 Laughter in the shaded gardens and the tall-browed palace hall;  
 Laughter—ha! what spectral figure crouches in the shadows yonder?  
 What's that object, fairest lady, leaning 'gainst thy trellised wall?

There's a cold sneer on her lip, and her jewelled brow is arching  
 With the scorn of a spirit that mocks at human woe,  
 And her eyes gaze on, unheeding, at the myriads thickly marching—  
 Aye, that wretched outcast beggar—what of her has she to know?

"She is flesh and blood: what say you? thou hast riches, rank and  
 splendor;  
 Servants bowing to thy bidding; proud ones kneeling at thy feet;  
 Soft that mantle on thy shoulders, and thy cushioned seat is tender;  
 Then what care you for a *sister* lying starving in the street?"

TEN, ELEVEN—how the hours pass away, like flashes flying,  
 Where the devil holds the doorway, holds the password, and the key!  
 TEN, ELEVEN—ah, how slowly to that gentle maiden dying!  
 None to fling the dew of pity on her frenzied agony.

TWELVE—a tramp upon the side-path: "Off, away! no place for sleeping.  
 Off, away!" the watchman crieth in the calmness of the night;  
 And she totters slowly, weakly, with her eyelids scorched with weeping;  
 And a brow of whiter marble never faced the broad moonlight.

I have seen that brow of marble in a glow of health and beauty,  
 Where the Shannon ripples softly by the towers of Athlone,  
 Where the tall hills nurse the streamlets with a mother's love and duty,  
 As they wander, ever plashing, over beds of amber stone.

And those eyes, now red and burning, then were kindly, soft, and loving;  
 And those brown locks danced as freely as the breeze that shook them  
 free;  
 And those feet tripped o'er the heather swiftly as the young hare roving;  
 And those pale lips were the reddest from that river to the sea.

But a cloud spread o'er the landscape; and a hearth in desolation  
 Echoed back the farewell parting of its last, last tenant gone:  
 She was parted from the lone graves of her kindred and her NATION,—  
 Like a waif she drifted onward in a stranger land alone.

Tell no tales, O dismal river! do not whisper out *that* story:  
 Oh, *that* story—*that* dark story, hush it in thy deepest wave;  
 Or the mother that once nursed her, and the father old and hoary,  
 Would arise to curse thy waters from the low depths of the grave.

Still the palace-hall is laden with its freight of gold and pearl,  
 Still the jewelled lady gazeth with a haughty look of pride;  
 While the broken-hearted outcast, that weak starving Irish girl,  
 Floats away unto the ocean on the river's moonlit tide.

## HONEST'S SORROW.

### CHAPTER III (*Continued*).

THE morning had hardly broken when Nicholas gave me a note from Anselm (it was the first I had ever received), which he had given him over the paling; it ran as follows:

"DEAR LADY: Though both duty and conscience forbade my refusing your father the assistance which was required with immediate urgency, yet permit me to express my wish that his further treatment should be intrusted to a more experienced practitioner, and thus the disquiet both to yourself and him prevented which might arise from his case being intrusted to a young physician who has only quitted the University within a few days.

"As you are probably not acquainted with any physician, allow me to recommend Dr. B—, whose skill and experience are justly held in high esteem, for further attendance on your father.

"My warmest wishes unite with your own for the recovery of one who is the dearest to you on earth, &c., &c."

I received this letter as I watched by my father's bedside, and read it many times over. Anselm's feeling, his modesty, the noble pride which prevented his attending himself and which was expressed so

plainly in these lines, pleased me, and entering into his idea I immediately sent Nicholas to the physician he had named.

Dr. B— came in the course of an hour, and entirely approved of the prescriptions and directions of his young colleague, of whom he spoke in high praise.

Anselm had acquired great reputation at the University by his industry, his talent, and his natural gifts, and those who had witnessed his academical career spoke so strongly in his praise, that high expectations were formed of his success when he should return to his native town.

All this Dr. B—, a talented and distinguished man, gave me to understand in the course of a short conversation, and he bade me in case of any relapse requiring immediate help, to send in full confidence to the young doctor who lived so near. He then took leave, after having tried to quiet my alarm at my father's condition.

In the course of the day my father was evidently better; he was perfectly sensible, and could talk with me a little.

His first question was whether he was deceived in imagining that he had seen the son of our neighbor as a physician by his bedside.

I answered, reddening, that it



was so, and then read Anselm's letter, that he might see that he had by no means obtruded himself on us.

He remained silent for a long time and appeared engaged in deep thought; then he held out his hand and said with some emotion:

"Honesty, I have perhaps hardly acted justly towards you in allowing you to grow up in this solitude, and without any experience of life; for what will become of you my poor child when I shall be no more? Perhaps your inexperienced heart will fall a prey to the first person who tries to obtain its affections, and who will by cunning and deceit endeavor to entice you to your destruction."

"Oh! father," I exclaimed, bursting into tears, and covering his hand with kisses, "you will live; you will not leave your Honesty alone in this wicked world, from which you have received such wounds that you have never recovered from the smart!"

"This is in the hands of Him who sent me these sorrows," answered he, casting his eyes towards heaven, "He who has willed that I should endure life for twenty years with a heart full of such hatred for mankind, such unbounded contempt for them. Believe me, my child, there is no suffering on earth equal to that which I have borne, while for twenty years I have sat at the table of life full of hatred of the burden, and have not dared to put an end to it, because in so doing I should have violated the most holy of duties; this is indeed the most fearful suffering that a man could be called on to endure."

At these words he sank into deep and gloomy thought, then he continued with much emotion:

"And now that the end of this inexpressible torture is come, now that death, the reconciler, so often invoked by me, at length appears, a new struggle has begun, the last,

but the most terrible. I shall leave you, I must leave you in this hateful world! It will prey upon your warm, feeling heart, and will tear and crush it and give it all the pain to which mine has been a victim. You will meet with hatred in return for pure unselfish love, black ingratitude for kindness and generosity, and contempt, for warm, deep feeling. Cold, crafty selfishness, that poisonous vice, will approach you under the mask of disinterested virtue, and after having befooled you will retire with a laugh of scorn. Your wealth will tempt a miserable avarice to spread its nets for you; the hypocrites will feign to love you, and will gain your heart, and when the end is attained, you will be cast aside as the worthless casket from which the costly diamond has been stolen it inclosed. O God of heaven and earth! all this I foresee, and yet I shall die and leave the being I love in a world which I despise and abhor, because I have learned to know it, and to know what it offers us in return for our highest and holiest feelings."

He uttered these last words in so loud and powerful a voice that his mind again gave way, his face assumed a deadly paleness, his hands grasped the coverlet of the bed, his eyes assumed a strange expression, his breathing became deep and difficult, his death was plainly very near.

I called for help, and despatched Nicholas for Anselm, for I comprehended my father's danger, comprehended that all this was the forerunner of death, if not death itself. After a few minutes Anselm was standing by me, looking on my father with a face that presaged no good, whilst he carefully felt his pulse, and then his eyes, full of compassion, rested on me.

I was unable to utter a word, or single sound. My heart was so full of sorrow, that my breath almost

failed. Anselm, observing that I was very near fainting, took my hand, and said in a voice which trembled with emotion, "You should leave the room, Honesta."

I shook my head; a shower of tears, which gave me relief, fell from my eyes, I kneeled down by the bed of my dying father and pressed my lips to his hand, already cold. He no longer knew me; his lips, around which a singular kind of smile had hovered, moved softly, as if in speech, though no sound came forth. Then the muscles of his face contracted, the dying man sighed deeply, and the poor heart, which had loved so warmly, and had alas! so deeply hated, was stilled forever.

#### CHAPTER IV.

I DID not immediately understand that my father was dead, for this was the first time that I had seen death, and oh! terrible it was—that of my father. A quick involuntary movement of Anselm's, a deep sigh which burst from him, and then the words which he whispered to me, in a tone which I can never forget, "Now, come away, Honesta," first told me that I had no longer a father, and overpowered by my feelings, I sank with a loud cry to the floor.

When I recovered from this fainting fit, I was lying on my bed, and near me sat Anselm's mother, with her dear, beautiful face, while he himself was at a table in the window writing a recipe for something he was ordering for me.

"How are you, poor child?" asked the mother, whose gentle voice I heard for the first time.

"Oh! is my father dead? Have I lost him forever?" cried I again, overpowered by my strong emotion.

"And you will kill yourself, Honesta, if you do not control your feelings," interposed Anselm, approaching me, and with the paper he had written in his hand. "Grudge him not the rest which, if

I am not deceived, he so greatly longed after," he continued, much moved. "Assuredly, he was not happy whilst he dwelt upon this earth, and now its mould will rest lightly on his tired limbs."

These words, so true, softened the sharpness of my sorrow, and my tears flowed more gently.

"I have brought my mother to you, poor Honesta," said Anselm in a compassionate tone. "You are so lonely, so forsaken, and so much in need of care and attention."

"True, true! alone and forsaken; forsaken by all the world," I sobbed, hiding my tearful face in the pillow.

"We will remain with you, poor, dear child," said Anselm's mother, taking my hand in her own, "only we must be assured that our services and sympathy are not a trouble to you."

The pressure of my hand expressed my gratified feeling, and she did not leave me for the whole day.

Then, they buried him, and I was alone in the house of which he but a short time before had been the moving spring, and which seemed now like an open grave.

I passed the day of his funeral, the arrangement of which was undertaken by Anselm and his father, in their house, which I then entered for the first time.

With remarkable consideration Nicholas had removed some of the rails which separated our gardens, and I could thus enter Anselm's without going into the street. Anselm came early in the morning, and took me to his mother.

Though at that moment I was little observant of externals, yet the comfort visible in the house of my new friend and protector pleased me. What order, what cleanliness, what taste even in the smallest matters. Everything regulated by a sweet and feminine spirit, whose



care rendered all things beautiful and bright.

"Let us go into Anselm's room," said Madame Scheffer—"there we shall not be disturbed, and shall see nothing which may give you pain."

With these words she led me up the narrow staircase, opened the door of a room which though small was bright with the sun of the early spring morning, and bade me take a chair by the window.

"This is Anselm's favorite place," she said, "he has loved it from a child."

It seemed strange to me to be in this room, the only ornaments of which were some books and a violin. Here had he, who appeared now so considerate for my solitary life, passed his time alone; here he had thought, studied, and breathed.

"If you will permit me," began Madame Scheffer, "I will read to you for a short time;" and so saying she took up a book bound in black morocco, with gold clasps, which stood amongst others on Anselm's book-shelves.

It was, as its exterior denoted, a prayer-book. I had had no religious instruction from my father, and even when he allowed me to be prepared for Confirmation, his choice fell upon a teacher who acknowledged no particular form of religion, so that I knew nothing of the great consolations which religion affords to suffering humanity.

As my kind friend read to me at this solemn time, while the expression of her countenance, and still more the tone of her voice, proved that she could bear testimony to the truth of the words which she read, and that they gave her the greatest consolation and peace, a light seemed to come to my soul, my tears flowed more softly, and I could not refrain from throwing myself into the arms of my angel friend, and begging her to teach me the faith which brought such peace and joy to the heart, and of which

hitherto I had known nothing. This she readily promised.

My days from this time forth were no longer solitary, but were passed chiefly with Anselm, and his parents, who led a happy and patriarchal life.

Not the slightest reproach of her husband, on account of the poverty they had endured, ever escaped the lips of Anselm's mother, although she had not only been in affluent circumstances, but had once been a wealthy heiress.

Their loss of fortune was chiefly owing to M. Scheffer having devoted himself to musical society to the neglect of his extensive mercantile affairs, so that at last their whole fortune was lost, and he was obliged to have recourse to his favorite pursuit in order to preserve his family from the pressure of want.

On the other hand it was not possible for a son to love his parents with greater tenderness, or to treat them with greater respect than Anselm did. His love for his mother, who was, indeed, singularly deserving of it, was almost adoration, and I often saw his expressive eyes fill with tears when he spoke to me of her virtues and forbearance, or described her tender love for himself.

The most beautiful flowers of the neighboring garden, which now had a door which opened into mine, were plucked for me, and Anselm again took up his violin, which had been so long laid aside, for he knew what pleasure it gave me to hear it, especially when he accompanied my harp. We often walked together in my garden, for which to Nicholas's great delight, Anselm brought the most beautiful shrubs. No weed dared to appear on the beautifully kept beds; the peach trees blossomed on the trellis, and the vine climbed gracefully upwards, and tulips, hyacinths, roses, and lilies, bloomed in emulation of each other's beauty.

An arbor, too, was made, and this soon became my favorite resort—here I could think of Anselm undisturbed and unobserved; here his image was always present, even when he was far away.

As I was sitting in my arbor one autumn day, I overheard a conversation between Anna and Nicholas, who, occupied in clearing away the falling leaves from the garden steps, did not observe that I was near. Ah! that conversation, carried on in such a thoughtless manner by these two good, but ignorant people, annihilated my earthly happiness, for it re-awakened in my soul the remains of the dark unworthy distrust of which my mistaken education had planted the ideas in my soul.

"I do not understand those young people," began Anna, leaning on her rake. "If they love each other so dearly, why do they not marry?"

"That is their affair," answered Nicholas, "but it puzzles me also. If I were in the young doctor's place, I would secure her before another came forward, for our worthy young mistress will have no lack of suitors."

"True, but what surprises me most is that his parents do not advise him to bring the matter to a conclusion."

"Who knows what they may do, Anna. Perhaps the young man cannot make up his mind to marry."

"He can never be so foolish."

"Perhaps he loves some one else, who is not so well off as our young lady, and is considering within himself to which he shall give the preference."

"That is true, Nicholas, and so clever and handsome as Mr. Anselm is, it is hardly possible that he should have had no love affair while at the University. But for all that he would be acting like a fool if he did not get over that affair, and think only of our young lady. No

one who sees them together can doubt that our young lady loves the young doctor very deeply. The delay in the business is entirely on his side."

"If he does not love her, but only desires to possess what she has, I wish with my whole soul that he may never get her," replied Nicholas, "for," continued the old man, who was greatly attached to me, "our young lady is so good and clever—and not at all ugly either—that she is quite worthy of a man who will take her for her own sake, and not on account of her dirty money. I own to you, Anna, that I have many a time shut my eyes when the poor young lady, who never saw a mortal but ourselves, happened to meet with Mr. Anselm, and I used to be happy in the thought that one day they would marry. But if I had thought that the young man was thinking only of her money, and that another person filled his heart, whilst he was seeking to gain hers by his flattery, I could strangle him with my own hand, and I believe that her father would rise from his grave and torment him with midnight apparitions."

I heard no more, but the poisoned shaft had struck my heart, and tears flowed down my cheeks. Anselm's behavior to me, which so plainly showed his inclination, became displeasing in the highest degree, for since there was nothing now to separate us, why—if he really loved me—had he not disclosed his affection during the year which had elapsed since my father's death?

Perhaps, indeed, he loved another, and it was only my riches which caused the balance to tremble between her and myself.

Horrible thought! a whole hell lay in it! In vain I endeavored to exculpate him. In vain I represented to myself Anselm's virtues, his love of truth, his guileless soul,



the pride, the noble pride of his character, which rendered him incapable of a mean action; in vain I recalled the countless instances of his tender and respectful affection for me—he had never spoken the words that he loved me, that he wished me to be his, and so everything seemed to remain uncertain and doubtful.

I was terrified when at this moment I saw Anselm enter the garden, and could perceive from the arbor that he was looking for me on all sides. Then I came out of the arbor and showed myself.

His face was unusually pale; his eyes, instead of their bright, joyful expression, looked sad, and he advanced towards me with unaccustomed haste.

"Only one word, Honesta," he said, with a trembling voice. "I will not detain you long."

He followed me into the house, and we entered the antechamber. When he had shut the door, he took both my hands in his, pressed them warmly, and said with unusual emotion:

"You are rich, Honesta. For the first time in my life I rejoice at this; will you help me? will you save a most unfortunate family from the brink of ruin?"

I was silent, and whilst the tears flowed down his cheeks, now pale, now red, he continued:

"I will tell you the story as shortly as I can. Early this morning I was called to a house not far from home, which is inhabited by a young couple, and the appearance of the servant-maid, who was sent for me, would have assured me that some accident had occurred, even if she had not requested me to come at once, and bring my surgical instruments with me. I immediately followed her, and found a young man lying on a couch, streaming with blood, and with his head much injured, whilst his wife, drowned in tears, and with looks of despair,

was kneeling by him. The unfortunate young man had shot himself in the head with a pistol; he was yet living, and, after probing the wound, I had some hope that care and skill might perhaps succeed in preserving his life, if his own determination to die could be overcome. When my business was done, and I had directed the unfortunate wife how to act, came the explanation. The young man had been unfortunate in trade, and had, with foolish thoughtlessness, staked his capital intrusted to him by his best friend, and the interest of which was the support of his aged mother, on a new speculation, in which he hoped to regain the sum that he had just lost. He was unsuccessful, and was not only completely ruined, but felt with agony that he had justly forfeited the confidence and esteem of his best and most respected friend. He could not bear this; he seized a pistol, and though his attempt did not at once succeed, the agony of his mind is so great, that I have no hope of his cure, if he cannot feel that he will be able to return to his friend the capital intrusted to him; but the sum is considerable—ten thousand marks are required to save him. It is a large sum, more than probably I shall ever possess, but if I had the money, were it my all, I would give it to save the life of that man. What do you say, Honesta? Will you save this unfortunate? Will you be the consoling angel to these poor people? It is a loan, not a gift, that is required; the young man will work, and so shall I, in order to return you the whole sum. But it is wanted at once, I must be able to comfort the wounded man with the assurance that you will not fail him, otherwise I shall not be able to save him from despair."

A thought, the result of the distrust which had been awakened in my heart, passed through my mind during Anselm's relation, and alas!

I acted upon the evil suggestion. "Anselm," I said, after a few moments of consideration, "the unfortunate man in whom you take such a deep interest shall be saved. I possess this sum, and as I am of age, can make use of it. But do not deceive yourself as to my wealth. I do not possess more than twice as much as the sum you ask me for; and in future shall be forced to practice a strict economy in order to live. People believed my father to be rich, but he was not so. The poor people shall, however, have the relief they require; the money shall be in your hands in the course of a few days, and I willingly give it to so good a purpose. I am young, and if a strict economy does not make my income sufficient, I am able to work, and for such an end would willingly submit to any privations, more particularly as you feel such deep interest in the matter." I did not know what was passing in Anselm's mind as I said this, but he became still paler than before; tears flowed down his cheeks, and sinking on his knees before me, he exclaimed in a tone of transport:

"Honesta! most beloved, how happy I am that the time is come when I can take courage to tell you how I love you, how my whole life and being is wrapped in yours. You show yourself generous, and noble as I hoped to find you. You are not rich, no richer than I am myself, for I have a profession and untiring industry to place in the balance against the income you possess. I shall be able to strive and labor for you, and I may venture to tell you how I love you, how without you there would be no happiness for me upon earth."

How can I describe my delight at that moment? how the happiness of my heart? how the pride I felt in the love of so noble a heart? Alas! this moment of enjoyment comprised almost the whole of the

happiness I was fated to possess, for, from this time, tears and inexpressible sorrow have been my portion.

"I must hasten to my patient," said Anselm, tearing himself from me. "To be quite happy, I must tell him that he is saved. Then I will return to you, Honesta, for this whole day must be dedicated to happiness: to each other."

He hastened away; I looked after him as long as my eyes could see; then I sank on my knees, and offered to heaven a more fervent thanksgiving than often passes the lips of man. Yes, I was happy—supremely happy! I drank the foaming cup of bliss to the dregs. I knew then what happiness is.

#### CHAPTER V.

DAYS whose quiet happiness needs no description, followed these hours. Anselm's love and devotion were such as man seldom offers to his beloved. Not only did he seem to live for me alone, and to submit all his wishes to mine, but in the hope of calling me his own he seemed to have attained their full gratification. He pursued his profession, often a fatiguing one, so necessary, as he believed, for our future support, and, in order that, as his wife, I should not miss any of the comforts and elegancies to which I had always been accustomed.

He soon attained a considerable reputation as a physician, but, above all, he was helped by the poorer classes, whose protecting angel he so often was. The unhappy man, too, who in his despair had been almost a self-murderer, was, through his care and skill, restored to life, and it was no wonder that he and his wife almost worshipped their preserver. Anselm could not deny himself the gratification of taking me to see them, since I also, through my supposed generosity, had had a share in the good deed.

The young wife of the man so



happily rescued was extremely beautiful; she possessed the most captivating kind of beauty, for to the most perfect features there was added in her sweet face an intellectual expression which increased its charm. At the sight of Clementina (that was her name), a slight feeling of jealousy of which I was at first hardly conscious arose in my heart, but it increased when I once happened to see her image reflected in the mirror by the side of my own. I was not really plain, and had at least the beauty of youth, but my charms all vanished when I compared my own person with the wonderful beauty which Clementina possessed.

The young woman was, as may be supposed, full of the grateful and affectionate attention to Anselm which the circumstances called for, and so was her husband; but, though I thought this natural enough on his part, it displeased me in Clementina, and became by degrees so unbearable that I was unable to maintain my usual pleasant manner towards her, and treated her with cold indifference.

Anselm, unsuspecting by nature, did not for a long time remark this, and gave himself up to the pleasure which this new acquaintance afforded him. His friends were cultivated people, the husband was a noble character, and had formed an enthusiastic friendship for Anselm, who returned the feeling, and was now completely happy in having gained not only a wife but a friend.

Meanwhile the evil seed sown by the education and teaching given me by my father, was germinating in my heart, and fresh distrust of Anselm, which with an almost mad jealousy, embittered the happiest days of my youthful love. What if Anselm had only appeared to give credit to my assertion that I was poor? What if in his heart he loved this beautiful creature? This,

it is true, did not assume a clear and distinct form, but it hovered like a dark cloud about my distrustful soul, and my peace of mind was gone.

The day which was to unite us to each other forever—Anselm with filial affection had chosen his mother's birthday—at last drew near, and Anselm and I were making a list of the few friends whose presence we desired on the occasion. I had never seen him more happy, more affectionate than at that moment. He had naturally placed the name of his new friend and Clementina's at the head of the list, when taking the pencil from his hand I drew a line through them both. He looked up at me, for I was leaning over his shoulder, with an expression of the greatest surprise. I colored.

"You strike out their names, Honestal!" he said; and there was an expression of displeasure in his tone such as I never before heard.

I answered only with tears.

"Honestal," he said, and took both my hands, "Honestal, be true and tell me what this means."

I did not reply, but continued to weep without daring to raise my eyes to his.

"How can this acquaintance in any way be displeasing to you?" he asked again; "have you anything to say against these people whom I so greatly love and esteem; speak, be candid, be quite true with me, dear Honestal, for I desire nothing but to know that you are happy, and I will gladly make any sacrifice which you can reasonably ask of me."

"Even that, Anselm," I answered, with streaming tears, "of never seeing that man and his wife again?"

"And wherefore should I never see them again?" he asked with amazement.

"Because it will make me unhappy, unspeakably unhappy, if you do."

He thought for a moment, then he pressed me to his heart and said, "But you are jealous, poor, dear Honesta?"

I was silent with shame, and he continued, "I thought you were more rational, my poor, dear child."

"Clementina is so lovely," I interrupted.

"In my eyes you are the most beautiful woman in the world," he replied quickly, "so leave these fancies, dear Honesta, and do honor to yourself and to me by the fullest confidence in the uprightness of my conduct, and the unchangeableness of my love. See," he continued, after a pause, "it makes me very happy at last to have found a friend such as my heart has always longed for. The bond which unites H— and me has in a short time become so firm, that it could not be broken without great pain to us both. I do not easily attach myself, and perhaps shall go through life without a friend if a fancy, a caprice, an entirely groundless suspicion on your part, should rid me of this one."

But his representations, his prayers moved me not; my heart was hardened against reason and justice, and the more pressing he was, the more I fancied myself right in my opposition, and at last the words escaped me,

"You must choose between these friends and myself, Anselm."

These words seemed to fall upon him like a thunderbolt from above; he became white as marble and was for some minutes composing himself, then he said in a tone which expressed how deeply his feelings were hurt:

"I make this sacrifice to you, Honesta, but never did man make a greater one to his beloved."

I now embraced him tenderly, and employed all my loving ways with him; I begged him to have pity on my unfortunate passion, the jealousy I had in vain tried to over-

come; but he was evidently deeply grieved and troubled, returning my caresses but coldly; then, after a time passed in deep thought, he broke out with:

"And how can H—, a man of such honorable feelings, keep the money you have lent him after my having treated him in so unworthy a manner?"

"You must tell him the truth, Anselm, and send him a quittance from me against the debt; and believe me, the undisturbed possession of this money will soon console him for the loss of a friend who has been so lately acquired."

"Is such your opinion of mankind?" asked Anselm with a tone and look of displeasure. "So young as you are, Honesta, has distrust of manly honor and manly worth found a place in your soul? The gray-headed man who has been often deceived and is full of bitter experience, is excusable if he comes at last to doubt all mankind, but it grieves me to the heart to find that you are already possessed of such suspicions."

I was silent, for I felt acutely that he was right, and I wrong. He continued:

"H— will not accept your intended present. I know him well enough to be sure of this. He is far too noble to be able to take money from one who at the same time treats him with contempt."

"He will take it," I answered confidently.

His countenance grew yet more sad. My avowed distrust as to the intentions of his friend evidently wounded him deeply, but he said no more, and, after having bid me make out the list of guests myself, he took leave. I remained in a state of uneasiness difficult to describe, for I felt that the wound I had given would never heal.

The subject was not referred to again, and his manner showed but little alteration during the few brief



visits the preparation for our marriage permitted him to make. And I, so unconquerable was the feeling of aversion for his friends I had acquired, could not, in spite of every effort to reason with myself against it, find in my heart to withdraw the exaction I had imposed.

On the evening before our marriage, which in the present state of my feelings was to be celebrated very quietly, in the presence only of the necessary witnesses and Anselm's parents, Mr. G—, who had hitherto been my guardian, called upon Anselm, in order to give an account of his guardianship to my future husband, and to make over to him the papers which related to the management of my affairs. Anselm shut himself up with him in his room, and I know not wherefore, but I trembled, and was oppressed with indescribable anguish when I saw Anselm and Mr. G— ascend the stairs.

After the lapse of half an hour, which I passed in an agony of mind, Mr. G— was announced, for I had returned to my own house; and, on entering, he said:

"Madam, I have met with the most singular occurrence to-day that I have ever experienced, and I beg of you to throw what light you can upon what has just taken place between me and your affianced husband, for, instead of being pleased at obtaining a wealthy bride, he in the first instance showed the most extreme surprise at the statements which I laid before him, and then a sorrow which I cannot comprehend. Perhaps your bridegroom has an idiosyncrasy—I think it is called—an innate, morbid antipathy to money? I cannot understand what it all means, and I beg for instructions from you, for the Doctor has given me back all the papers, and has requested me to continue the guardianship, which, at furthest, can only be till to-morrow, for then, according to law,

he will become your natural guardian, as well as your husband."

At these words of Mr. G— I well-nigh fainted. I comprehended the whole of my misfortune, comprehended that I had lost Anselm forever, for, after what had passed between us in regard to the H—'s, he could only look upon my deceit respecting my property as an evidence of distrust of his character and intentions, which I knew his pride could never pardon.

Mr. G— saw my distress, and withdrew with a look which plainly showed that he found he was no more able to obtain any sensible information from me than from Anselm.

I remained for an hour in a state truly pitiable; then appeared Anselm's mother, her eyes red with weeping. She embraced me with more than her usual warmth, gave me a letter from her son, and then retired. It may be imagined with what feelings I tore open Anselm's letter and read as follows:

"TO HONESTA.

"I am more tranquil. God has saved me from despair, and I can write to you, Honesta; can ask you why you acted thus towards me. Did the purest, holiest, and most heartfelt love deserve such a reward? No! I call the great God, the avenger of perjury, to witness that no man ever loved more tenderly than I loved you, nor with a love more unselfish, more entirely free from earthly passion. Even had you been plain in person, I should have loved you as I now do, when you are adorned with a thousand charms. You were the ideal of the boy, the youth, the man. I believed that in you I should possess the happiness of the whole world. And now?

"Let me say all, since it must be—must be so—since the cup of suffering must be drained to the dregs. I can never be your hus-

band. I could hope for no happiness in a union with one whose soul is the seat of deep contempt for mankind, of the most unconquerable distrust; with one who, knowing me from childhood, and, as I learned with transport from her own mouth, had even so long loved me, could be ever by my side, and yet cherish cruel distrust of me and my intentions in her heart; who, filled with this passion, could yet listen to my vows and receive my caresses without betraying herself by a word or a look.

"A feeling of honor, which was, perhaps, carried too far, and might easily be designated by the world as pride, forbade my wooing the rich heiress while I had nothing but my love to place in the scale against all her worldly goods. A just and manly pride and the unchangeable conviction that our marriage would be an unhappy and unworthy one, obliges me to renounce you forever; and I do so, though with a broken heart, yet with the full assurance that I am acting rightly and saving us both from unhappiness and humiliations to which I feel I am unequal.

"Farewell, Honesta! Farewell forever! May God have mercy on you, and drive from your heart the poisonous serpents—distrust and hatred of your kind, so that its high and nobler movements may have space to unfold in it."

I know not whether I read this letter to the end, for my senses failed me. I lay for a long time on the floor of my chamber, before I was found and carried to bed, when Anselm's mother and he himself were informed that I gave no signs of life. He did not come himself, but he sent the old physician who had been called during my father's last illness, and with whom he had since been on very friendly terms.

The care of my attendants at last awakened me to life, but only to

fall into a yet more dangerous condition. I was seized with fever, which brought me to the brink of the grave, and, happily for me, rendered me for the time dead to the outer world. Anselm must have been by my bedside as well as the old physician during the days of my greatest danger, but I knew nothing of this, and saw him not, for he did not return after my mind was in a slight degree restored. His mother watched over me and my life like an angel. I should not have been saved without her. But can I thank her for this restoration?

For a long time I did not ask after Anselm, and he was not mentioned to me; but he was already far from Hamburg. A book of his, which received the highest approval, had gained him a great reputation, and he was invited to a professorship in one of the universities. He gladly closed with the proposal, for a continued residence in his native town became unbearable.

I was now again alone in the world, unfortunate and forsaken as before. My heart seemed dead and incapable of interest in anything. Yet sorrow like mine may be borne for years. I have proved this, for my affliction did not destroy my life.

My love of life was entirely extinguished since Anselm could not be mine, and no circumstances would ever restore him to me. I knew to a certainty. I was well enough acquainted with his character for this.

At last, after some years, I began to read, to write, to draw—in fact, to exercise my mind; and this gave me some little alleviation. Anselm's parents remained true to me. His mother only left me when she quitted this world. She was generous enough to allow me to surround her with everything that could make her life comfortable. She felt that it would be a comfort



to me to be allowed to do this, and she would not deny it to me.

At last they both died, and the faithful Nicholas sank into the grave; but Anna made a good marriage, for which I endowed her well. I now sought for some other companions, and in a distant relation of Anselm's, who was in very poor circumstances, and, like myself, had passed through much suffering and sorrow, I found a faithful companion and friend; and in an unfortunate person whom nature had dealt hardly with, a servant who had been able and faithful.

The garden has been entirely neglected since the death of Nicholas. I have never entered it, for every plant and flower reminds me of Anselm and my irreparable loss. I wish to forget, but this is not possible.

In spite of what had occurred, and in spite of the reports of the singular manner in which I now lived, I was not wanting in suitors; but from the first I made it known that these proposals were odious to me, and that I had decided to continue the mode of life I had chosen.

So passed the years, forming a heavy chain. I no longer spoke of the past, I no longer complained, I did not even lament when I saw the announcement of Anselm's death in a newspaper. He died unmarried, with a reputation for vast learning, in a post of great importance; to which he had been called as a physician.

Thus were all who had been dear to me in this world dead: and I was myself like an inanimate body, for there was no hope, no fear, no longing which could warm my heart with a warmer pulsation. Time was full of events which came and passed away without making any impression upon me. I was sought out and visited by different men of distinction, for the report of what was called my singular kind of life obtained me some renown among

my fellow-citizens, and though I became more and more accustomed to intercourse with mankind, I was always wanting in the warm interest about them to which habitual intercourse can alone give a charm; for interesting children only had I a real love, and I remarked they always were fond of me, and gladly remained with me.

About the time when my life assumed this aspect, I received a visit from a Catholic priest, of some celebrity. Our conversation turned on religion, and from him I received my first ideas as to the faith and practice of the Church. My judgment was ere long convinced of its truth, and my heart willingly followed. I was received into the Church by this holy man; his visits to me have been among my greatest consolations, and I have found a rest and a peace since that time which I did not suppose could ever have been given to my wretched soul.

My possessions, which no longer had any charm for me, belonged to those who knew how to make a better use of them than I did. This was less a consequence of any compassion or sympathy with the poor and unfortunate, than of my indifference to what I possessed, and I have therefore never been able to suffer praise for what are called my good deeds. I was actuated by the same feeling regarding the poor animals so often left in the garden by those who wanted to get rid of them; myself so unhappy, the sufferings of other creatures rendered me still more so. If I sought to relieve them it was simply because I wished to spare myself a painful feeling. A person situated as I am easily becomes selfish.

Such is my sad history. Seldom has a heart supported so heavy a burden without breaking. Happiness fled from me long since, but peace and calm have latterly been my lot.

## THE POETRY OF GEOLOGY.

At first sight it might seem almost hopeless to look for anything of a poetical type in the stony science, dealing as it does with rocks and earth-beds, and going down as a great resurrectionist into nature's charnel-house, and dragging thence with pickaxe and hammer the long-buried remains of extinct generations. However, this rugged science is rich in poetic elements, and furnishes stores of the noblest food for the imagination. We all admit the sublimity and poetry of astronomy—the "star-eyed science"—that has thrown out its plumb line and sounded the mighty depths of space; that has tracked the comet in its fiery career, weighed the sun and planets, measured their distances, and extracted the secret of their movements, and even gauged those nebulous masses that hang as light clouds on the outskirts of our sidereal system. But not less sublime is geology in its aims and achievements. It has deciphered much of that wondrous world story—stranger far than all that fiction has invented—which is written by an Almighty hand in the solid rocks—"the manuscripts of God, inscribed on tables of stone." It has read off those mysterious hieroglyphics in which the history of our planet was written during the long ages that preceded man's entrance on the scene. It has recorded the convulsions and changes through which earth has passed, and told how its huge granite ribs were molten and cast in the primeval fires; how its rocky sides were formed, and then torn and hurled to the surface, amid convulsive throes; how its mountain chains were raised aloft, its sea-beds and river-courses scooped out, and its continents built up. From the

primeval granite, hardening over the internal sea of fire, up to the deposition of the vegetable soil in which the modest shamrock takes root, through all the growth and decay of world after world, and the rise and fall of empires and dynasties on which no human eye ever gazed, tracing out their mighty ruins with the clear eye of reason, geology aims at nothing less than constructing a biography of our globe. Stranger still, the geologist can trace the march of life over this stage of being. He can tell of what wondrous races, long since passed away, it was the birthplace. He disinters their flint skeletons, and reconstructs their forms, and to the eye of fancy makes them live and breathe again. For myriads of years they had lain in their marble shrouds; under the waving of the geologist's wand, they visit once more "the glimpses of the moon," and we are lost in wonder at the uncouth gigantic forms that were once lords of creation. Is there no poetry in all this, nothing to stir the imagination? Is there no beauty in that mighty plan, "reaching from everlasting to everlasting," by which the great Architect has been working for countless ages to awaken our wonder and worship? Is there no melody to charm the ear of fancy in those marvellous "rhymes of the universe" written on pages of stone? Nay, I think there is the sublimest poetry—the poetry of truth, not of fiction. Let the geologist tell you the tale of some granite peak that lifts its "bald, awful head" amidst the clouds, how it sprang of old from the fiery gulf; how once the sea-weeds were wrapped around its shoulders, and the sea-shells decked its summits as the waves played



among its crests; how from the bottom of the sea slowly upheaved, through long ages, it rose to be a "heaven kissing" mountain; or let him sit down by some gray, moss-covered boulder or wave-worn pebble, and narrate through what strange wanderings and vicissitudes they have passed, and you will listen to a tale more fascinating than "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," more wonderful than all ever Homer's imagination bodied forth. In all things, poor or commonplace, there is poetry, if we have but the eyes to see it. Then what poetry lies embalmed in that gorgeous science that has the whole past eternity for its empire, that carries the imagination back into the abysses of time, and "the long-lost glories they cover," and restores the creations that bloomed and fell myriads of ages before man stepped on the scene! What are the ruins of Uxmal, Egypt, or Rome compared with the ruins of ancient worlds, and "the storied urns" of those mighty dynasties that preceded man on earth! If "the hoary round tower, the ivy-crowned arch of other days" command veneration in Erin, the land of song and the harp; if we tread reverently over the buried dust of generations only a few centuries old, shall we not feel our awe stirred as we gaze on relics whose date no human mind can fix, and compared with which the oldest transactions of human history are but as yesterday? And if we are lost in wonder over the excavated slabs that once lined the walls of Nineveh's proud palaces; if we pore over the hieroglyphics that tell the tale of Egypt's early history, should we not, with still deeper rapture, study the structure of our globe, with its inscribed characters, and learn through what revolutions it has reached its present condition?

One of the most startling disclosures of geology has reference

to the original condition of our globe. We look abroad now over the surface of the earth and see mountain ranges, hills, and plains, rivers hurrying on towards the ocean, a bright green carpet covering the soil. The rain and snow descend; the seasons succeed one another with undeviating regularity; and we are apt to think that the order of nature has been the same from the beginning. The vulgar notion is that the earth sprang into existence six thousand years ago, complete from the Creator's hand; and man, as the lord of this world we suppose, then took his place at the head of the animated series. This is the short and easy method of creation precisely suited to the intelligence of those oddities whose religious knowledge is "the Bible, the whole Bible, and *nothing* but the Bible," but it is far from being the real one taught by those commissioned to teach *all* truth. Very different, indeed, is the tale which the Bible unfolds by the hands of Christianized geology. It demonstrates from an examination of the rocks that compose the crust of the earth that the globe has slowly and gradually reached its present condition; that the creative and formal processes we now see going on around us were in operation for myriads of ages before man's day on earth; that races of animals, totally different from those which now walk the surface of the planet, lived, died, and were wrapped in their stony winding-sheets, during periods of the past eternity so vast as to defy the powers of imagination, and in comparison with which six thousand years are as a drop taken from the mighty ocean. During these pre-adamite ages, whose long deep swells are marked on the shores of time by the wrecks they have cast up, the earth passed through vast changes; its rocks, thousands of feet in thickness, were gradually

accumulated, its strata slowly deposited, and its solid framework built up through myriads of ages, till it became fitted to be a dwelling-place for man. Truthful geology does not pretend to determine what was the original condition of that matter, "in the beginning created," out of which our globe was thus formed. Geology furnishes indisputable evidence that when chaos was passing into cosmos, when our world was leaving the rudimentary condition and taking definite shape, the materials composing its surface were at such a temperature as to be a molten mass, like glass in a furnace. So totally different was its condition at this period from that which it has now assumed, that it requires an effort to believe that the primeval globe and the present are the same.

To form some idea of its primeval state, we must conceive of the earth as one mass of boiling lava, the whole planet one vast volcano, hurling aloft molten torrents amid frightful thunder and terrific explosions. As yet the molten lava, surrounded by watery vapor, air, and carbonic acid gas, was the sole material existence. Out of these primitive elements our beautiful flower-clad world was at length to be evolved with all its living occupants. Gradually the lava cooled at the surface, and became solid rock. The grim reign of chaos may now be said to have ended—cosmos commenced—the almighty creative fiat had gone forth—the world began. The liquid lava hardened into granite, and formed the mighty ribs of the globe. The central fire, however, was not extinguished but shut in by the granite ribs, underneath which it continues to flame, finding vent now only through the volcanoes scattered over the globe. Thus on the surface of this earth-ball we are whirled through space, while un-

derneath our feet at a distance only of a few miles, a raging furnace is flaming, heaving its waves of fire fiercely against its granite barriers, at times making the earth tremble with the earthquake's shock, and still flinging up its molten masses through the throat of the volcano. While the liquid granite was undergoing the cooling process, the expansive force of the internal heat acting from beneath threw it into a variety of shapes, so that it congealed in waves or jets, which now form many of our hills and mountains. Very wonderful it is to think that such vast chains of mountains as the Andes, the Alps, and the Alleghanies, are just solidified bubbles of the primitive granite, originally hurled up from the seething caldron, and congealed into their present form. It is owing to this that nearly all granite hills and mountains have peaked summits and steep sides.

Let us now suppose the granite foundations laid, and the earth so far cooled as to allow the molten surface to become solid; fancy what an extraordinary appearance our world must have presented! In all probability, the whole surface was covered with bold and rugged ranges of granite mountains with deep and fearful valleys intervening between them. Volcanoes were numerous and active, still throwing up the molten mass to be solidified on the surface. Though the fierce spirits were banished far down to the dark caverns of the globe to rage and roar in angry passion below, the earth was still in sore travail, her heaving bosom belching forth torrents of fire, a thousand volcanoes pouring out blazing streams of lava, amid a trembling and thundering that shook the firmament. Thus the solid land first rose out of the abyss to greet the light of divine power. Seas were formed in the valleys between the granite peaks; and as



the moisture of the atmosphere condensed, vast torrents rushed down the steep sides of the mountains, and during long ages, aided by the action of the atmosphere, washed down the hills to the seas, where their disintegrated particles were consolidated under vast pressure, and being crystallized by heat, formed the next series of rocks, called in geologic phrase, the gneiss formation or transition series. Thus the primitive granite mountains were slowly worn down by the same agencies that are still at work levelling the hills, and were deposited in the waters of the ocean. Down to the bottoms of seas the granite particles rolled, not by sudden convulsions but by gentle agencies. The water and the air drilled countless holes and channels through the vast body: the mild rain stole into every cleft and crevice, and oozed from vein to vein, filling the heart of the granite giant with delicate and wondrously ramified little canals. The cold of winter froze these secret ducts; the veins swelled, loosening the vast fragments with irresistible force, and shattering even the solid stone. Meantime the oxygen was gnawing at every corner and edge, grinding up the minute particles, and the thundering torrent at length comes and sweeps away in wild triumph the rifted fragment, or the glacier takes it up in its icy embrace, bears it down the sloping valley to the sea, and the iceberg floats it far away and drops it in the dark depths of the ocean. Thus in the wondrous circulation of matter, the granite mountain is spread over the floor of the ocean.

During many thousands of years, the ground-up granite was deposited in sedimentary strata by the waters of the ocean that held them in solution. Meantime the expansive force of the internal heat was slowly raising the bottoms of these seas until at length they became

dry land, and constituted the great Silurian formation many thousand yards in thickness, and requiring enormous periods for their deposition. The rugged rocks that first rose above the surface of the waters were the foundations of the land. Against this breakwater the waves dashed, as for the first time they met with any resistance. In these hills the geologist reads off the annals of this early world, and pores over the mysteries of the primitive creations.

The granite world had departed, its successor, formed out of its ruins, was emerging from the depths of ocean. A new era dawned—that of the old red sandstone. This formation was built out of the crumbled *débris* of the Silurian world, deposited at the bottom of the ocean, and colored by an infusion of the oxide of iron. Gradually these beds rose from the depths, towered into mountain ranges, had their systems, continents, and vegetable and animal creations. The remains of the old red sandstone world still show themselves in several lofty mountains, forming a huge mantle that is wrapped around the shoulders of the gray giants of the granite age.

Ages rolled on, new revolutions occurred, all indicating progress, all marking steps in the divine plan. The carboniferous era with its enormous vegetation dawned: then gigantic ferns, palm, and coniferous trees grew and left their accumulated remains to form coalbeds as the fuel of the modern world. The dry land enlarged, islands were linked together, and formed continents; everywhere the terrestrial masses increased in bulk. Immense forests whose solitudes no mammiferous animal yet disturbed, flourished in the warm damp temperature. The rich coalfields of Pennsylvania are the precious relics they have left. The tree fern and the great *Sagillaria*

were then the monarchs of the woods. The enormous duration of the carboniferous era may be judged of from the calculation that it would require one hundred and twenty-two thousand, four hundred years, merely to acquire sixty feet of coal. This order, however, at length closed, and the tertiary era dawned. The temperature of the earth though still high was approaching its present condition. Decaying vegetable and animal structures uniting with the crumbling rocks formed soil. The new red sandstone, the oolite, and the chalk succeeded each other. All things were tending towards one grand result. The granite, the Silurian, the old red sandstone, the carboniferous vegetation, were all means for the formation of that little dark-colored superficial layer we call the vegetable soil, and the object of this latest formation was that rational immortal man might occupy the scene. And now when the huge tertiary monsters at length slept their stony sleep, the earth was ready for its lord. Then man, the youngest and fairest of all created things, for whom all these vast preparations had been going on, for whose account a beneficent Creator had fitted up this gorgeous dwelling-place, and stored it so munificently—man, the paragon of animals, entered and took possession of his fair domains. For him, through countless ages, were these vast beds of crumbled rock and decayed animal and vegetable remains laid down; for his use these treasures underneath the surface of the earth had been accumulated, the coal, limestone, and mineral deposits; and now, as heir of all the ages, he enters on his inheritance.

Circumstances will not permit us to follow these topics farther. We must be satisfied merely to indicate a few of the aspects of geology, but enough to show that

the seeing eye and the sympathetic heart will find poetry in every department of the stony sciences. Nature in all its departments speaks of beauty and divinity, and connects itself with the spiritual and the unseen, lifting the soul to the mighty beneficent parent of all. The poetry of geology points with reverential hand to Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" who has presided over the vast cycles of the past eternity, guiding their changes and convulsions, and working out that divine plan which we can but dimly perceive. Wonderful is that mighty web that has been weaving during the æons of the past, its threads of granite, its ornaments, the porphyry, the precious stones, the veins of gold and silver, the rocks of fairy form, twined and inter-twined; tree, beast, bird, fish, insect, all filling in the woof, all weaving for the Lord of life the imperial robes that He wrapt around Him in His manifestations to His sacred likeness, but all telling us that He is in all, and yet above and apart from all, the creative spirit that moulds the earth and guides the spheres. Truly geology in its lofty song imparts the rich information how all things existed in the divine mind, because, as God made them out of nothing, so did He form them according to a model which existed in Himself from eternity. All things are in God, in the profound manner in which effects are in their causes, consequences in their principles, reflections in light, and forms in their eternal models. In Him are united the vastness of the sea, the glory of the fields, the harmony of the spheres, the grandeur of the universe, the splendor of the stars, and the magnificence of the heavens. All that lives, finds in Him the laws of life; all that vegetates, the laws of vegetation; all that moves, the laws of motion; all that



has feeling, the law of sensation ; all that has understanding, the law of intelligence ; and all that has liberty, the law of freedom. It may in this sense be affirmed, without falling into the stupidity of pantheism, that all things are in God, and God is in all things, or, as it is better expressed by the apostle, "in Him we live, move, and have our being."

If there is something solemn and saddening in the thought that the reign of death has been universal, that the earth on which we tread is but a huge cemetery, and that all the beauty and splendor of the former worlds lie interred beneath

our feet ; that man, too, equally with the weakest and strongest, must enter the still abodes, and all that is now so fair and bright, all that is tender in human affection and glorious in human thought, must sleep beside the mastodon and dinornis, yet the eye of science, enjoying the vision of faith, looks away from "the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds," to the brightest abodes of immortality, and the soul defies all the destructive agencies of earth to shake its trust in God. To the soul, death is life, immortal life, and the grave a gift of infinite goodness.

---

## AN EXEMPLARY SCHOLAR.

FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM.

### I.

NEARLY forty years ago, an association was set on foot at Paris, the chief object of which was to prove the power and beauty of Christianity, by its action and influence in works of charity. It was an alliance of Catholic youths, who resolved to make a stand, in the name of Christ and the Gospel, against rationalism and the other new systems which were undermining the old faith. This infant society was organized by eight young men, friends and fellow-students, who, with one exception, were under twenty years of age. They felt that there is a great power in association, for it is a power of love, and in the strength of union they resolved mutually to encourage and sustain each other, and to strive by prayer and the force of example, to revive the primitive spirit of Catholic faith

and of charity, and to endeavor to win back souls to the belief and practice of religion.

The leader of this little band was Frédéric Ozanam, who thus first comes before us as the founder of that Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which now counts its members by thousands, and which has established its Conferences, not only all through France, but in England, over all Europe, and even in America.

Frédéric Ozanam was the son of Jean Antoine François Ozanam, who was born at Chalamont, in 1773, and was descended from an old family of Jewish origin, which had been converted by St. Didier in the year 600 of the Christian era. Jacques Ozanam, the celebrated mathematician of the seventeenth century, was his great uncle, and Jean himself received a very

good classical education at the College of the Oratorians at Lyons. Notwithstanding the many vicissitudes of his life, he always retained a great love of letters, and inspired his sons with the same literary tastes. At an early age he entered the army, and was distinguished, through all his military career, for rare courage and intrepid bravery. He was chosen as envoy to treat with General Suvarrow, from whom, it is said, he obtained all that he demanded, and he presented to Napoleon the standard of Brasin-sky's Uhlans, which he had taken with his own hands. He married, in 1800, the daughter of a rich and honorable merchant of Lyons, quitted the service, and settled in Paris. But, ere long, he was obliged to leave his comfortable home and seek for himself a new profession, for, by an imprudent act of kindness in becoming surety for a relation, he lost his whole fortune.

His Christian faith, which was always strong and unwavering, supported him in this sad reverse, and with undaunted courage he started with his wife and young family for Milan, where he gave lessons to provide for their maintenance, while at the same time he pursued the study of medicine. He went on foot to Pavia to pass his examinations, and his labors were so successful that in two years he became a distinguished physician. In 1813, he received from the Emperor the decoration of the Iron Crown, for his great skill and devoted care of the sick at the Military Hospital, during a violent outbreak of typhus fever at Milan. It was on the 23d of April of that same year that his son Frédéric was born.

In 1816, Dr. Ozanam, neither desiring to live himself nor to bring up his sons under Austrian domination, resolved to leave the land of his voluntary exile and to

return to Lyons, where his great reputation quickly followed him.

His extensive practice and constant studies never prevented his watching with active care over the education of his sons. He also devoted a fixed portion of his time to the service of the sick poor. He and his wife were in the habit of personally visiting the poor, and when both were getting advanced in years, they mutually forbade each other to mount higher than a fourth story. Charity, however, overcame this reciprocal prudence, and it sometimes happened that they met on the same landing, in the very act of violating this compact. It was in coming down stairs from a visit to one of his poor patients, that Dr. Ozanam had a fall which proved fatal to him a few hours after, in the year 1837.

Brought up in such a school, Frédéric Ozanam learned in his earliest years to be tender and sensitive to the ills of others. He was taught never to separate faith from works, and always to see Christ Himself in the person of the poor. Thus he was being prepared for that great work which God had destined for him, and which was to spread so promptly and so widely.

He was educated at Lyons, and seems always to have been a thoughtful, studious boy, who soon astonished his masters by his precocious talents and brilliant parts. While still at college, he began a poem in Latin verse on the Fall of Jerusalem, and consoled himself, in the prospect of the profession of a notary, to which his father destined him, and which was most distasteful to the young scholar, by thinking that during his leisure hours he could work at this grand poem. His skill in versification and taste for poetry were already so remarkable, that one of his masters carefully preserved his schoolboy effusions in Latin verse. He had the great advantage of studying under the Abbé Noirot,



who had a peculiar gift for the direction of youth, and for developing in each of his pupils his special vocation. This able professor soon saw that in Ozanam he had to deal with a nature of no common order, and he loved to have the lad as the companion of his rambles along the steep and solitary paths which are to be found on all sides in the neighborhood of Lyons, and which make that town so favorite a resort to men of meditative minds. In this familiar intercourse the learned master acquired a great influence over the youthful student, an influence which decided the bent and direction of his thoughts, and doubtless it was to the healthy and strengthening teaching of the Christian philosopher that Ozanam owed the firm, unvarying lucidity of faith, for which he was always so remarkable.

When he was hardly fifteen, Ozanam conceived the idea of a work which was to be called, *Démonstration de la vérité de la Religion Catholique par l'antiquité des croyances historiques, religieuses et morales*. This was, in fact, the work which occupied him until his last days, the commencement of those studies which, twenty years later, resulted in *l'Histoire de la Civilisation aux temps barbares*. He changed the form of his plan, but the plan itself remained always the same, and though he began with the hand of a novice, it was already a firm and resolute hand, and his earliest manuscripts, and the first pamphlets which he published, contain the germ of those qualities which were developed later in the accomplished and brilliant writer.

At the age of seventeen, Ozanam was deeply impressed with a conviction that there was a grave and very important mission to be carried on by young men in society. He rejoiced that he was born at a time when he might be useful in doing good, and the dream of his

youth, and the object and aim of his studies, were to prove the beauty, excellence, and truth of Christianity, and to show how religion is glorified by history. The whole social system, which had been shattered by the great Revolution, was still in a state of chaos, and, like all thoughtful men of the time, Ozanam felt that the present needs of society required a new order of things, but what was to be its new basis was a problem yet unsolved. The following extracts from a letter, written to one of his late companions who had gone to Paris, describe his feelings on this subject:

"Like you, I feel that the past is giving way, that the foundations of the old edifice are tottering, and that a terrible shock has changed the face of the earth. But what will rise out of those ruins? Is society to remain buried under the crumbling remains of fallen thrones, or shall she reappear, more brilliant, younger, and more beautiful? Shall we see *novos celos et novam terram*? That is the great question. I, who believe in a Providence, and do not despair of my country like Charles Nodier, I look for a sort of palingenesis. But what will be the form, what will be the law of that new society? I do not undertake to decide this."

He then relates how deeply he had studied the history of all religious beliefs, how carefully he had examined the traditions of each country and people, their origin, their rise, &c., and he speaks of the joy and consolation which filled his soul, when, by the strength of his reason, he found that the primitive and only true religion was precisely that Catholicism which, as a child, he had learned from his mother's lips, and which had so often sustained him, both in heart and soul, by its beautiful recollections and its still more beautiful hopes—Catholicism in all its grandeur, and with all its delights. Then, with the ardent enthusiasm of youth, he goes on:

"I find it upheld by science, illuminated by rays of wisdom, glory, and

beauty. I embrace it with enthusiasm and love, I will ever remain faithful to it, and will stretch out my arm and point it out as a beacon of deliverance to those who are floating over the sea of life. How happy I shall be if a few friends will gather round me. Then we shall unite our efforts, we shall create a work together, others will join themselves to us, and, perhaps, some day all society will meet under this protecting shadow. Catholicism, full of youth and strength, will rise up and put itself at the head of the rising age, to lead it on to civilization and happiness. Oh, my friends, I feel quite overcome while thus writing to you, and full of intellectual pleasure, for the work is magnificent, and I am young and have a great deal of hope. I believe that the time will come when I shall have matured and strengthened my thought, and be able to express it more worthily."

Towards the autumn of 1831, Ozanam went to Paris to complete his studies for the bar, which he pursued with ability and perseverance, in docile compliance with the wishes of his parents, though poetry, history, literature, and philosophy were the studies to which his own inclinations would have drawn him. However, he still found some leisure time for his historical researches, and, as a sort of recreation, he employed himself in acquiring a knowledge of the English, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. "I am also working hard," he writes, "at Hebrew and Sanscrit; but pray, of what avail will it be to a client that his advocate should know Sanscrit and Hebrew? It would be better that he should grow mouldy over the code."

The pleasures and seductive charms of Paris seem to have had no attractions for him, and his first impressions of the gay city were those of sadness and discouragement. Fresh from the pure atmosphere of a Christian home, and the loving care of a mother to whom he was devotedly attached, separated for the first time from those he loved, he felt solitary and alone. He had arrived full of noble aspira-

tions and courageous resolutions, but he found a world hostile to all his most cherished ideas and feelings. It seemed to him as if he were in the midst of a moral desert, and altogether lost in that vast "capital of egoism, that vortex of human passions and errors," as he describes it. "I dislike Paris," he says, "because there is no life in it, no faith, no love; it is like a huge corpse to which I am attached, while still young and full of life; its coldness freezes me, and its corruption is killing me." But this solitude did not last long, for a friend of his father's, M. Ampère—the patriarch of mathematicians, as Lacordaire calls him—offered him a room in his house, and received him as a son into his family. It was an immense advantage to Ozanam to have this great man for his patron, for not only did he find science, religion, and fame united under the roof of his venerable host, but he had the opportunity of meeting and becoming acquainted with many of the eminent men of the day.

M. Ampère soon felt both esteem and affection for his young guest; he often invited him into his study, conversing freely with him, and explaining to him many of his scientific discoveries. He even made him work under his own eye, and some pages have been preserved, written partly by one and partly by the other. Often during these conversations, when treating of the marvels of nature, the aged *savant* would break forth into rapturous exclamations of admiration for the Author of these wonders, and burying his head in his hands, would cry out—"Que Dieu est grand! Ozanam, que Dieu est grand!"

Amongst the letters of introduction which Ozanam had brought from Lyons, was one to M. de Chateaubriand. He was of so retiring and timid a disposition that he kept it some months before he



could take courage to present it to the celebrated man. When at last he did so, he was received with such affability and kindness that he was soon quite at his ease. After questioning him with paternal interest on his projects, his tastes, his occupations, &c., M. de Chateaubriand, fixing his eyes attentively on him, asked him if he intended going to the theatre. Ozanam, taken by surprise, hesitated between the truth, which was a promise he had made to his mother never to enter a theatre, and the fear that he might appear childish to his noble interrogator. For a little time he was silent, while the struggle went on his mind. M. de Chateaubriand continued to look at him, as if he attached great importance to his answer. At last truth prevailed; and the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, leaning towards Ozanam, to embrace him, said affectionately—"I implore you to follow your mother's counsel; you would never gain anything at the theatre, and you might lose a great deal." Ozanam never forgot these words, and whenever any of his companions, less scrupulous than himself, invited him to accompany them to the play, he would answer—"M. de Chateaubriand told me it was better not to go there."

Ozanam soon found how carefully the precious gift of faith needed to be guarded in the midst of the war which political opposition was then waging in Paris against religion, in the name of liberty. The Chambers, the press, public instruction, poetry—all were turned into arms against Christianity. The nineteenth century wished to build up what the eighteenth had destroyed, but the new systems of philosophy and religion were based on reason, not on faith, and their highest aim was the amelioration of the human race, for time, not for eternity. When Ozanam heard the attacks on Christianity, and the

extravagant propositions made by the rationalist professors of the Sorbonne—that ancient Sorbonne which Christianity had founded, and whose dome was still surmounted by the symbol of the Cross—he was more than ever convinced that a history of all religions was never more called for by the wants of society: to show the immortal alliance between faith and science, to prove that religious truth is the beginning and the end of philosophical truth, and to demonstrate all that Christianity has produced and preserved—the truths it has propagated, the sentiments it has inspired, the laws it has dictated, and the works of art and poetry of which it has been the source. And also he felt, more deeply than before, that it was the duty of the youth of that time to join together in preparing to do battle for the divine cause, by the practice of that Gospel they were called on to defend.

"The future is before us [he writes to one of his young friends], immense as the ocean. Like bold mariners let us embark in the same boat and row on together. Above us is religion, the bright star which we must follow; before us, the glorious track of the great men of our country and our doctrines; behind us our young brothers, our companions, who, more timid, are waiting for our example."

Again he writes—

"I have found here several young men, deep thinkers, and rich in generous sentiments, who are willing to consecrate their powers and their researches to this high mission, which is also ours. Every time that a rationalist professor raises his voice against revelation, Catholic voices are raised to answer him. Many of us have united together for this purpose. I have already taken my part twice in this noble work, by sending in written objections to these gentlemen. But we have been particularly successful at the *cours* of Monsieur X. Twice he has attacked the Church, the first time by treating the Papacy as a passing institution, which came into existence under Charlemagne, and is now dying out; the second by accusing the clergy of hav-

ing constantly favored despotism. Our answers, publicly read out, produced the best effect, both on the professor, who almost retracted what he had said, and on the audience, who applauded. The greatest use of this work is to show to young students that one can be a Catholic and have common sense, that one can *love religion and liberty*; in short, to draw them out of religious indifference, and to accustom them to grave and serious discussions."

Ozanam knew not then that he was the instrument God had chosen to uphold the cause of religion, and that his voice would one day be raised in valiant defence of the truth in those very places where now, to his deep grief, he heard it attacked with hostility or treated with indifference. But that time was not yet come, and meanwhile his great desire was to see some special religious instruction established, to initiate youth in the fundamental truths of Christianity, and to treat the leading questions of the day, showing the relations of society with religion, so as to counteract the bad effects of the lectures given by the rationalist professors. A petition for this object was drawn up by Ozanam, and, with the addition of two hundred signatures, was presented by him to the Archbishop of Paris. Thus he was not without influence in the foundation of the *Conférences* at Nôtre Dame, which were opened by the Archbishop himself in February, 1834. In the following Lent, the Abbé Lacordaire took possession of the pulpit of Nôtre Dame, and during many subsequent years the vast edifice was thronged by the multitudes who were attracted by the learning and piety of the eloquent Dominican.

It was not sufficient, however, that the manifestation of the religious belief of the lay Catholic youth should be confined within the domain of theories and philosophical and historical discussions. It was necessary for the great task which Ozanam had traced out, that

their religious opinions should have a practical and positive value, and should stamp an impression on their whole lives. They were young, and they must not remain inactive; but before doing a public good they must try to do good to a few. Before attempting to regenerate France, they might at least relieve some of her poor.

"I wish, therefore [writes Ozanam], that all our young men should in heart and soul unite in some charitable association for the relief of the lower classes.

"The world has grown cold [he says in another letter]; it is for us Catholics to revive the vital heat which is so nearly extinct, it is for us to renew the era of martyrdom. For, to be a martyr is possible to all Christians; to be a martyr is to give our life for God and our neighbor, to give our life in sacrifice, whether the sacrifice be consumed all at once as a holocaust, or whether it be slowly accomplished, its smoke going up night and day like the perfumes on the altar; to be a martyr is to give back to God all we have received, our gold, our blood, even our whole being."

Again he writes—

"The question which divides the men of our day is no longer a political, but a social question; it is whether the spirit of egoism shall prevail, or the spirit of sacrifice; whether society shall be only a great *exploitation* to the profit of the strongest, or a consecration of *each* to the good of *all*, and, above all, for the protection of the weak. . . . On one side there is the camp of the rich, on the other the camp of the poor; in the one there is the egoism which would keep all to itself, in the other the egoism that would possess itself of all; between the two there is an increasing hatred, and there are threatenings of an approaching war which will be a war of extermination. One only means of safety remains, that, in the name of charity, Christians should interpose between these two camps, and should go like benevolent messengers from one to the other, obtaining abundant alms from the rich, and patient submission from the poor; conveying gifts to the poor and words of gratitude to the rich, accustoming them to look on each other as brethren, communicating to them a little mutual charity, which charity, stifling and as it were paralyzing the egoism of both, and diminishing their antipathies day by day, the two camps shall rise up, destroy their ban-



ners of prejudice, throw down their arms of passion, and march to meet each other, not to fight, but to embrace, and to unite together in peace, making one fold under one shepherd—*unum ovile, unus pastor.*”

Inspired by these sentiments, and aided by a few chosen friends Ozanam commenced the formation of that association for the relief of the poor, of which we have already spoken. He placed it under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, choosing that saint whose name is so dear to the Church and to the world, as its model on earth, and for its protector in heaven. Of course there were many obstacles to be surmounted, and difficulties to be overcome; the work was looked on with suspicion by some, with jealousy by others, but the blessing of God was upon it, and the little seed then sown was soon to grow up into a widespreading fruitful tree. It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed account of this admirable Society of St. Vincent de Paul; we will only add an extract from an eloquent discourse which Ozanam made twenty years later, at one of the Conferences at Florence, when he was relating to the young Tuscans the circumstances of its origin—words of sad interest, for they were the last which he ever pronounced in public.

“We were at that time invaded by a flood of philosophical and heterodox doctrines, which were being agitated on all sides, and we felt both the desire and the need to strengthen our faith in the midst of the attacks which were made against it by the different systems of false science. Some of our young fellow-students were materialists, some St. Simonians, others Fourierists, others again Deists. Whenever we Catholics tried to remind our erring brethren of the wonders of Christianity, they all said, ‘You are right if you speak of the past; Christianity did wonders in former times, but now Christianity is dead. And, indeed, you who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? Where are the works which prove your faith, and which would make us admit it and respect it?’ They were right—this reproach was too

well deserved. It was then that we said to each other, ‘Let us set to work, and let our actions be in harmony with our faith. But what is to be done? How can we better show that we are true Catholics than by doing what is most pleasing to God? Therefore let us succor our neighbor, as did Jesus Christ, and let us place our faith under the protection of charity.’

“In this thought we were all eight united, and at first, as if jealous of our treasure, we did not wish to admit others to our meetings. But God had decided otherwise. The association of a few intimate friends, which we had proposed to ourselves, became, in His designs, the nucleus of an immense family of brethren, which was to spread over a great part of Europe. You see that we cannot really give ourselves the title of founders; it was God Himself who willed it and who founded our society.

“I remember that in the beginning one of my good friends, who was for a time deceived by St. Simonian theories, said to me, in a tone of compassion, ‘But what do you hope to do? You are eight young men without fortune, and you pretend to relieve the misery which abounds in a city like Paris! Even if there were many more of you, you could not do much. We, on the contrary, are working out a system and ideas which will reform the world, and do away with poverty forever! We shall do forthwith for the human race what you would never be able to accomplish during many ages.’ You know, gentlemen, how those theories ended which were thus deluding my poor friend. And we who excited his pity, instead of eight, are now two thousand in Paris alone; and we visit five thousand families, that is to say, about twenty thousand individuals—about a quarter of the poor within the walls of that immense city. There are five hundred Conferences established in France, and we have them also in England, Spain, Belgium, America, and even in Jerusalem. It is thus that, by beginning humbly, one can arrive at doing great things, like Jesus Christ, who, from the lowliness of the manger, rose to the glory of Thabor. It is thus that God made our work His own, causing it to spread over the world, and showering down on it His abundant blessing.”\*

While Ozanam was thus actively employed, his literary studies were not laid aside; many new writings

\* Œuvres Complètes d'Ozanam, t. viii, p. 34.

came from his pen, some of which were the fruit of his travels during his vacations. He was an observant traveller, always making copious notes and laying in fresh stores of knowledge, and with his ardent and poetic imagination, he enjoyed with enthusiasm the beauties of nature and fine works of art. The following letter gives an account of one of his excursions.

"To strengthen myself against the contagion of example, and imbibe a greater love of solitude and liberty, I went with my brother on a pilgrimage to the Grande Chartreuse. I need not tell you that we went on foot, and that we did not die of sadness on the way. . . . I will not tell you what we saw, because you have already made the same pilgrimage. All that I can say is that I found there scenery which I have not the talent to describe, and men who I should never have the strength to imitate. However, the impression which this journey has made upon me is very different to all that I had previously imagined. I had heard only of sublime desolation, of torrents and precipices, of deserts and frightful austerities, and I saw only a delicious solitude, luxuriant vegetation, rich meadows, forests where the verdure of the beech mingled itself with the dark fir-tree, rocks overgrown with wild roses, rivers falling in beautiful cascades on beds of turf and moss; on all sides tufts of blue campanulas, tall and graceful ferns like dwarf palm trees, large flocks on the mountains, birds in the woods, and yonder, in the valley, the grand and majestic monastery, the monks in their ancient habit, every feature of their serene countenances expressing repose and happiness; their chants rising at all hours of the day in strength and harmony, and the midnight hymns going up to heaven at the hour when crimes are frequent and God's judgments are being prepared. Finally, the charming chapels of Nôtre Dame de Casaliban, and of St. Bruno, with their fountains and their souvenirs of seven hundred years. I do not know if the idea is a strange one, but the Chartreuse, thus placed in the hollow of the mountains, seemed to me like a solitary nest where holy souls, gathered under the maternal wings of religion, grow up peacefully till they one day take their flight to heaven.

"Religion, a mother full of condescension and goodness, has centred round this sacred nest all the harmonies of nature and all the beauties of creation. And it is remarkable that the anchorites and monks of all ages, while withdrawing themselves from the artificial enjoyments of society, exiling themselves from the tumult and pleasures of towns, and rudely mortifying their bodies, always sought out picturesque situations, fine views and beautiful landscapes, for their places of solitude. This remark is constantly verified in Italy, where all the summits of the mountains are crowned by monasteries. It was so also in old France. Wherever there was a bold and precipitous mountain, a smiling valley, or a shady forest, the traveller was sure to see a belfry surmounted by a cross, or to find on the pathways the prints of the cenobite's sandals.

"Nature, in its simplicity, in its virginity, is profoundly Christian; it is full of solemn sadness and ineffable consolation, it speaks but of death and resurrection, of past falls and future glorifications. Mountains, above all, say many things to the soul, of which they are a kind of figure; richness and sterility, immeasurable heights and fathomless abysses, varied and numberless views, immense disorder, traces of ancient upheavings, efforts to reach to heaven, always impotent, but ever renewed. Is not that the figure of our poor existence? Mountains, in their variety, resemble human nature, as the sea in its immensity resembles the divine nature. Thus on the earth that we tread under our feet are written, in ineffaceable characters, lessons of a sublime philosophy, and that philosophy is none other than that which is written in no less ineffaceable characters in the pages of the Gospel."

In 1836, Ozanam attained the degree of doctor of law, and was already an aspirant to the same honor in letters, which was accorded to him three years later. M. Cousin, who was one of the judges on that occasion, after hearing his thesis, could not refrain from exclaiming—"Ah, M. Ozanam, eloquence can go no farther!" Such a testimony from so great a master in oratory and composition, was more valuable and flattering than all the applause of the public.

## SISTER MARY.

## A SKETCH.

THE post of this morning brought me a letter from the Superioress of the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, at N—, in the southwest of France. The letter was short, and ran thus:

"CONVENT OF ST. AGNES, N—, Jan., 18—.

"MY DEAR MADAM L—: I regret to announce to you the demise of Sister Mary, of the Sacred Heart, who died yesterday, of small-pox, caught whilst attending on the sick under her charge. Her last request was that you should be made acquainted with her decease. May she have rest eternal.

"Yours truly in Our Lord,

"MOTHER TERESA,  
"Superioress."

And I am now going to tell you the sad story of Sister Mary.

Seven years and a half ago I was living at Tedale, a little village in one of the northern counties of England. I had accepted there the office of schoolmistress to the Catholic school, which had been founded through the liberality of a gentleman, who lived close at hand. I had never been in that part of the country before; my wanderings had been always confined, up to that time, to the district south of the Thames; and I was consequently a total stranger to every one. For the first two weeks of my residence at Tedale, I was as dull and lonely as I conceive it possible for any one to be. Then, little by little, I began to give the "good morning" to a few of those whom I met going to or returning from our grand Gothic church, to Mass or afternoon service, and so began, also, to feel less lonely. This was followed,

after another short period, by scraps of conversation, and these finally ended in invitations for the evening, to the houses of two or three of the well-to-do farmers, of which the congregation was mainly composed. At one of these houses I soon became a frequent visitor, and there learnt much of the other members of the congregation, with whom I was not personally acquainted. Now, there had been one person in the church whom I had felt a strange attraction towards from the very first. She was always alone in her journeys to and from the church, and I never saw a frown on her plain face—for this, my heroine, was no beauty. She was somewhat undersized, with prominent cheekbones, a thin, gaunt face, and a harsh appearance in her mouth and eyes. Yet nothing can ever make me forget that radiant smile. It quite altered the usual appearance of her countenance, and made you almost love her. And this person, Edith Scorton, is the heroine of this sketch. I was anxious to make her acquaintance, and sought every opportunity for doing so. At last my wish was gratified. I met her, casually, at the house of one of my Tedale friends, and was there introduced to her. She seemed to take a fancy to me at once, and after remaining there some time in conversation with the person we were visiting, we set out on our way home together. She had to pass my little cottage on the way, and as we came before the door, I asked her to enter. She complied, and soon we were talking in my little parlor, as if we had known one another for years, instead of hours.



I soon learnt from her the sad story of her life, for it was a sad one, and she was not unwilling to confide it to me. In many respects it was similar to my own, and I dare say it was the knowledge of this fact that made us, as Edith finished her narration, throw ourselves into one another's arms and weep. Let me tell you, dear reader, this story of hers, as she told it to me.

Her mother died a year or so after Edith's birth, who was the only child. Two years after her mother's death, her father married again, a worldly and heartless Protestant, who did not attempt to conceal her dislike for the young girl. Edith had an uncle, the brother of her mother, who was the principal of a boarding-school, near Tedale. Mr. Dillon had a little feeling for the young niece, and took her home to live with him. He had been married a few years himself, at the time Edith took up her abode with him, and perhaps he foresaw, that in after years, she might be of advantage in educating his own children, and so, by the advice of a maiden sister who lived near him, he educated Edith well. But Mrs. Dillon never liked her. From the beginning, she was an object of aversion to that lady; and she used to say that Edith was of no use, and might be away in the world. The time came when she was forced to acknowledge, if only tacitly, that she could not get along without the despised niece. But to tell matters as they occurred. Time passed on, and little Dillons arrived rapidly, until there were seven of them to be attended to; and on Edith, the patient and uncomplaining, fell the task of educating them. Her maiden aunt, who was also no favorite of Mrs. Dillon, endeavored to instil an almost blind obedience into the mind of Edith, and she succeeded so well, that in spite of the many slights that were put upon her, not a word of reproach, of re-

bellious anger, was ever known to escape her lips. She bore all with a meekness and apparent indifference, that won for her all the depth of love which her aunt possessed. She had borne with admirable resignation her little and her great troubles, seeking solace always in the company of her aunt, and in the sweet services of her religion.

And so year after year had flown away; until, at the time when I made her acquaintance, she was in her twenty-first year. I was only two or three years her senior, and in a very few days from the time when our acquaintance began, we were fast friends. Poor Edith! how my heart felt for her! In all my own troubles, and my share had not been scanty, I had always possessed friends who would offer what consolation they could; but she, poor girl, with the exception of her aunt and one or two others, was friendless. As she herself expressed it to me, "In that, Adeline, your case is different to mine; up to the present, with the exception of aunty, I have been friendless. Aunty has been as kind as it was possible for any one to be, but my heart has often longed for some other, to share my little cares and anxieties." And so it was that we soon loved one another so ardently, and so devotedly, that now I feel a void in my heart, which time can never, I fear, fill up. A day now scarcely passed away without a visit from Edith. It was difficult for her to come at times, but she generally managed it, and we were very happy for some months. I had often fancied that there was something on Edith's mind which she was concealing from me, and I began to fret myself about it. At last, she told me, very reluctantly, however, what this was. She had begged her uncle to send her to France to a convent, as a teacher of drawing and music, in which she

was a proficient. She had heard of a very good chance, and had asked her uncle to write and ask about it. This he promised to do, and but that he was under the dominion of a will stronger than his own—that of his wife—he would have done so without delay. But Mrs. Dillon, who had long since discovered how useful Edith had become, as an instructress for her children, opposed with all her might and main the proposed scheme. Fortunately, Mr. Dillon had promised in spite of the awe he felt for his wife. When once he promised to do anything, he always kept his word, at any risk. So Edith felt certain that success would, in the end, crown her efforts. But the opposition Mrs. Dillon made to her going, was very great, and at last, finding that her opposition would eventually be overborne by her husband's unconquerable will, she took another course, and began, in every possible way, to worry her by petty annoyances. It was only to God that Edith laid bare her heart, and he alone knew what she had to suffer, during the last three months of her residence at Tedale.

And this trouble Edith told me one morning when she came to see me in my little cottage home. As I loved her so much, I could not but feel deeply with her in her trouble. Had I been in the least acquainted with her uncle, I should have gone to him without the least hesitation, and told him everything I felt about the—to say the least of it—ungrateful way in which he was repaying the services that the good Edith had been rendering him for so long a time. But I had never spoken a word to him, and thus I was constrained to see my dear friend suffer as she did, without having it in my power to help her. Meanwhile, unknown to his wife, Mr. Dillon had written to the Superieure of the French convent, at N—, and was awaiting a reply.

He had stated frankly and truthfully Edith's many acquirements, and the experience she had already had in the management of children, and felt no doubt but that she would obtain the situation sought for, unless it should be already filled.

A month passed away, and no answer had come. Edith was becoming restless at the silence of the superior, and I began to perceive a change in her. She was paler now than had been her wont, and at times I could even discern a touch of irritation in her voice, when she conversed with me about the French scheme.

It was during this month of expectancy, too, that another incident occurred, too important to omit recording.

One night, on returning from a visit I had been paying to one of my few friends, I was surprised to see a light in the window of my little sitting-room.

With trembling steps and a beating heart I approached and opened the door, and judge of my astonishment when I heard sounds of violent sobbing issue from the little room.

Crouching before the fire, her frail form shaking from the violence of her emotion, was Edith. She turned as she heard me enter, and as she perceived who it was, she started from her recumbent position, and hurrying across the room, threw herself into my arms.

I was almost thunderstruck. I thought that nothing could have caused this outburst, except a negative reply from the convent.

But I said to her: "Edith, darling, this will never do; try and calm yourself, and tell me what it is all about?"

It was some time before the poor girl could do this, but at last she calmed herself sufficiently to tell me the reason for this, to me, extraordinary fit of crying.

It appeared that ever since she was a child of three or four years old, she had known a young man at Tedale, named Harry Dewsbury. They had been children together, and as they grew, the intercourse between them was as unrestrained as ever.

In Edith this had no other effect than to make her look upon Harry as a dear brother; but in him it changed into an affection of another kind. And on the morning of the day when the outburst took place, Harry, having accidentally met Edith, as she was out with her young charges, had, in a few words, told her how he loved her most tenderly, and wished to make her his wife.

"What could I say to him?" said Edith to me. "I had always been accustomed to think of him as a brother, and I knew I had a feeling of certainty in my heart, that it could never be otherwise. So what could I do but tell him as I did, that I always loved him as a brother, and should ever do so; but that to become his wife, I could give him no hope of! And when he heard me out, he seemed almost demented. Before I could move, he had taken me in his arms, pressed me to his heart, imprinted a brotherly kiss on my forehead, released me, and was gone. Three hours afterwards his mother came to me in tears, and told me that Harry had left his home, after avowing to her his intention to go to America and seek out an uncle of his, who had resided there for some years. And she upbraided me for being the cause of his going."

"And so this was why you were crying so bitterly, Edith?" I asked her as she finished.

"Yes, Adeline," was her reply. "I could not witness the mother's grief without weeping for the cause of it, and I came to you for comfort."

And I tried my best to comfort

her, told her that though people might say she was hasty in her decision, yet that it would no doubt prove to have been a right one.

And from that night, Edith longed more and more for the time when she would be freed from the thralldom in which she lived. After the scene I have just recorded, another fortnight passed. Then came a letter to Mr. Dillon from Mother Teresa, and joy of joys, to Edith, but not to me—it was favorable, and Edith was to go to N—as soon as she could.

Edith brought me the letter to read. Yes, there it was in black and white: "I am sure that your niece cannot but prove fitted for the task, and we shall be pleased to see her without delay."

In a fortnight all was ready, and Edith started. It was a bright, clear morning; nature seemed to wish to show her pleasure at the joyous event. A week after I received a letter. Edith was so happy! The children had already learned to love her, and her success was assured. So far all was well. I answered almost directly, and for six months I received a letter every week.

Then Edith wrote: "I want to be a nun. God has, I think, given me a vocation to the life, and I can do nothing but obey." I had thought all along that this was to be the end of it all, and I could only write and congratulate her on her choice.

Three months passed, and Edith was a novice. A year passed, and she became a sister—Sister Marie. Of her conventual life I know but little, for, from the day when she began her life of self-abnegation, she never wrote to me. She thought it better not. She had written to me, and I could not—however much I wished—seek to turn her from her purpose.

So, a few years passed away, and



I heard nothing, until the other day I received the letter with which I opened this sketch. On receipt of the letter I made my way to N—, and heard what a good and pure life Sister Marie had led, for the few years God had seen fit to leave her on earth, after she had become one of His spouses. I saw her grave unadorned by any mark save the flowers set there by her

poor friends, whom she had succored in their distress.

One of these flowers, a white rose-bud, I gathered, and it rests now faded and dry among my most precious relics.

I cannot lay down my pen without writing for poor Sister Marie that which Mother Teresa wrote in her letter to me, "May she have rest eternal!"

---

## HOME EDUCATION.

### A WORD TO CATHOLIC PARENTS.

IT has often been a question of surprise to more than one observer of the signs of the times, that while so many utilitarian objects are brought to our notice, so many topics brought under discussion, no one should have thus far thought of presenting us with a course of lectures to parents, on their duties as responsible agents to Him who has blessed them with children.

Parents are frequently reminded of their obligation to instruct their children, to place them in good schools, and to insist that they avoid improper companions. Too little attention, however, is paid to the details of carrying out these general instructions, and not often enough are we told *how to give and when to impart* home education.

It might be borne in mind that to many characters the method of persuasion consists, first, in an agreeable exterior, and afterwards by the manifestation of such interior characteristics as can alone secure lasting friendship and esteem. With such only those who have received home education will be powerful for good, while in every

case, and, perhaps, more for the learned than the illiterate, will this education prove a key to the affections, the respect, and the appreciation of those whose good estimate we covet.

Home education, as we understand it, consists in the formation of the character as a mental capacity, and the body as a physical organization, to those general and special rules of good behavior, and mutual forbearance fitting us for the duties, responsibilities, and occurrences of any condition of life in which chance or opportunity may place us. It then embraces a wide range, and will need more examination, development, and study, than might at first be imagined. To pursue it fully presuppose in parents that they have undergone a similar training themselves; that no experimental attempts will be needed, but that the result of matured experience will be the favorite portion of their children. That this is not the case too many are aware, while it may be added, that did a large portion of those thus unqualified know how they might

attain even a theoretical knowledge of the nature and character of home education, they would willingly give it their serious consideration, and apply themselves with laudable zeal to the carrying out of its requirements.

The first elementary principle upon which we would insist is, that children learn more by the eye than by the ear. They may often forget what has merely been heard, while they rarely forget what they have seen. Let any one, as an experiment, listen to the conversation of children; in nine cases out of ten they will talk, not of what they have heard, but of what they have seen. Ask a child to tell you what a lecturer may have said, or a clergyman announced, you will frequently be minus an answer; but ask the same child about the appearance of the clergyman, his manner of action, his delivery, and at once it will be seen how much more busily engaged were the eyes than the ears. Moreover, in hearing, more stress or effort of the intelligence is required than in the reception of the same idea through the eye. Hence it is that, in the best systems of teaching, the object method so largely prevails. Show a child any rare animal, and then ask a description; you will receive it at once, while a mere word description would in many cases not enable the child to point out the same animal if seen a short time afterwards. These general remarks will probably form a fair introduction to what we believe should be the principal means employed in early home education.

Everything about the dwelling should be kept scrupulously neat and attractive. A dwelling where filth prevails will never be considered a home by an intelligent child. This home need not be rich nor gaudy. Providence has not so disposed in favor of the greater number of us, but while He has not

favoured us with wealth, He has not cursed us with filth. This will explain why so many young men leave the paternal roof at so early a date. In their schools, directed by men who understand character, and endeavor to gratify its laudable cravings, all is kept in a neat and agreeable condition. When the scholars have remained in such a room for several hours, agreeably entertained by the pleasing pictures and drawings which decorate its walls, or the neat furniture which he uses, is it astonishing that he should find repulsive his own dwelling, where he finds all so different? And yet is there any excuse for the difference in the condition of things. The dwelling may not be as fine as the school, but it can always be as neat and as attractive. Beautiful paintings, attractive illustrations, are so cheap now that no one can put in the plea of poverty as a barrier to his procuring them. A great mistake it is, under which parents labor, when they imagine that they can give to any teacher or servant the *home education* of their children. This must be done by parents; it is part of their duty, inseparable from their position in the economy of creation. Teachers may instruct and partially educate; servants may restrain and prevent evil, they may even instruct, but parents must take upon themselves the greater portion of the home education of their children. Under the false impression that the responsibility of the home training may be transferred to some one else, parents, belonging to what is commonly called the *bon ton*, frequently leave their children for year after year at boarding-schools, never allowing them home for more than a few days, perhaps not that length of time even, under the plea that business calls for all the time that can be spared, never thinking for a moment that wealth without the knowledge of the proper use of it will be

a curse rather than a blessing to their children.

A child who has been sent away from home at a very early age, who is kept away year after year, must necessarily become estranged. He or she looks upon parents as a sort of paying tellers, whose only business it is to make money and spend it for them. For this reason it is that some institutions refuse almost positively to retain students during vacation. They do this at a loss to themselves rather than encourage this growing desire among parents to escape the responsibilities of a portion of the home education of their children. Next to the education, which should be given through the eye, should be that of a selection of servants, whose morals and manners will be such as to favorably impress youth. As a rule, no servant should be taken into any family without first inquiring closely into their antecedents. The same holds true of professors of music, who are introduced particularly to the lady portion of the family. This may seem severe, but to those who have read St. Liguori on this very subject, it will be admitted that we have given the position its mildest expression. At the same time, and the remark is particularly forcible towards American families, children should be taught that servants have certain rights, which neither young lads nor fair damsels can controvert. One of the very best methods of teaching children the forbearance they will need in after-life may be inculcated by their requiring them to act or speak deferently to domestics. Villemain has said that "nothing so tries a man as freedom." The remark keeps its greatest force in connection with the point we are analyzing. Freedom is the characteristic of our country and day. Unfortunately among American children this freedom degenerates in many cases into impudence and

intolerable overbearing. Towards none is this manifested oftener by young American boys and girls than to their servants.

Those who have travelled on the lakes, or on any of the fashionable routes, or who have spent a few weeks at the seashore, will not fail to have noticed this peculiarity in our boys and girls. While thus teaching them to respect those whom circumstances have placed beneath them in the social scale, children should likewise be taught to compassionate the sufferings of the poor, the aged, or the decrepit. Father Faber says somewhere that young persons are naturally cruel, that they take pleasure in inflicting pain. Taking the assertion qualifiedly, our own experience bears out the broad assertion of the saintly author of "All for Jesus." This disposition can be best eradicated by the frequent practice of the opposite. This division of our subject has more than once occupied others' attention, and we do not think that we can say anything more to the purpose than what we have read and culled from a contemporary, whose name is unknown to us, though his sentiments render him the friend of humanity in some of its most afflicting forms.

"A neat, useful, and necessary volume could be written with the appropriate title, 'Hints on the Education of a Christian Child.' Among the chapters which this book should contain would be one, 'Teach them Charity.' We are told that of all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the breathing of a loving heart. Eliminating from the thought the sentimentalism which it contains, let us make use of it as a foundation for the less beautifully expressed, but more practical assertion, that of all prayers to be heard, the surest is that of the worthy poor for the charitable child. Though many years have passed since we heard



the words, their music still lingers in our ears, and a thrill is not unfelt as we record the blessing asked for us by the poor mother who blessed us for the charity we were enabled to give her through the kindness of our parents. It needs no labored argument to prove that of all lessons charity to the poor should be one of the first taught a Christian child. If the mendicant appeals to your charity, let your child be the messenger to bring the words and the gifts of your generosity. Let your children look upon poverty; teach them to speak words of comfort, and to do acts of kindness to those who appeal for aid. Teach those whom God has given you that poverty is not a crime, and that the rich man of to-day may be the pauper of to-morrow. In the city which you inhabit, are there charitable institutions? If so, take your children to visit them, and after the visit ask your little ones what their impressions were, and if they would not like to do something to alleviate the misery they have witnessed. Parents too often imagine that when they have clad their children well, have sent them to a good Catholic school, that then their obligations are completely accomplished. Such is not the case; neither the teacher nor the clergyman can do more than tell children how to be charitable; on the parent depends the fulfilment of the principles, which in church or school can be merely inculcated. If we refer to the history of the Church, we will find a special blessing the portion of those saints who in youth were the protectors of the poor. May we not ask if the extraordinary sanctity of the *Curé d'Ars* was not in part due to the blessing which years previously had been given the Christian family of the *Vianneys* by the saintly Benedict Joseph Labré, who, as a poor beggar, had been harbored under their hospitable roof? And who has not read

of the early charities of St. Charles Borromeo, Louis of Gonzaga, and Francis de Sales? Let the lesson of charity be one which from constant repetition will become part of your children's nature. Doing so, you will procure for them the richest portion of their inheritance, the blessing of the poor."

Home education cannot evidently be given by withdrawing children from the parental roof a goodly portion of the evenings, the only time in which parents and children can generally meet. Yet, what practice more common than that pursued by parents who send their children off to play that they may have a family chat with neighbors. It is doubtless wise not to allow even our own children too much freedom with us. This would degenerate into familiarity, and contempt would be the necessary result; at the same time parents should spend a goodly portion of their time in the company of their children, studying their character, training them to a proper view of the daily occurrences of life, removing from them a fault-finding or critical spirit, and insisting that in all circumstances they shall express themselves in a charitable and Christian spirit of companions or neighbors. When children have become old enough it is bad policy to allow them many servants. We claim to be democratic in spirit and practice. It is contrary to such a spirit that our boys and girls should be waited upon by paid pages. Let them learn a healthy spirit of self-reliance. Even if they have now and then to polish their own shoes, dust their own clothes, death or incurable weakness will not follow. A distinguished French ecclesiastic, one of the most popular preachers of the first half of this century, used to say that he had strong faith in the school where a young man had occasionally to warm himself by placing his chair

on top of the bedclothes. This was a strong figure of speech, which meant that the best preparation for after-life is a little hardship in youth. It was a saying of the late Secretary Seward that the worst legacy that could be left a young man was a large fortune he had not helped to earn; and we believe that he who wrote

"Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,"

gave advice which parents can husband to the advantage of the poor, whose prayers will better serve children than, perhaps, ill-gotten dollars.

That children may be able at an early age to accustom themselves to correct opinions of men and things, books suited to their age and capacity should be placed in their hands. These should be selected by the combined experience of the child's parents and teachers. The first book read has often been the ruin of young persons, particularly ladies. A book is a silent but potent agent for good or for evil. It is rarely a pastime only. In the latter case it usually gives rise to a craving for light and ephemeral works, which gradually deprive the mind of any serious bent it might originally have had, and prepares it to become like the field of the sluggard, covered with the thorns of incipient passions, and filled with the nettles of unsatisfied but perhaps not ungratified desires. The books need not be of a purely religious character, though they should be selected with special reference to the intellectual and religious inclination of the person in question. Where a boy or girl shows a speculative or inquisitive bent, and such are not few, the greatest care will be required in the direction of their early readings. Such should be forbidden the use of public libraries, and we

are not sure that it would not be well to forbid our children, under existing circumstances, all access to those fruitful sources of immorality, where any and every work may be handled by the tenderest minds. Not only in the matter of reading should there be an understanding between the teachers and the parents of children. In many other circumstances this same *entente cordiale* will be of great importance. The teacher takes upon himself part of the parents' duties. His method of direction should be as nearly as possible similar to that of the father and mother. At the same time it is well to remark, that parents frequently do their children great injury by insisting that the teacher shall know all about the failings and mishaps of the young person previous to his or her reception into the school. More than once we have seen bright-faced, intelligent lads presenting themselves for reception. Before the parent had spoken, the youth held his head erect and seemed to say in his bearing, "I'm going to work hard." Scarcely had the parent been allowed to speak for a few moments when this was all changed. The parent had foolishly blackened his character, and from that moment the boy felt that confidence was lost in him. Neither should parents threaten children with the displeasure of the teacher. Indeed, experienced teachers will refuse to punish in school faults that have been committed at home. The school-room should be what its name imports, and not a court-house. On the other hand, if parents have any promise to make their children, let it be made when convenient, through the teacher. The latter needs all the help he can obtain to acquire the fullest confidence of his pupils. Where this has been procured half the work of instruction and education is accomplished.

It is not necessary to say that parents should take the greatest interest in the studies of their children; helping them, when able, in the various researches, and showing a lively desire for their progress. When possible, children should have a room for themselves, where they may study undisturbed.

A question of great moment for parents is the selection of proper companions for their children. Many are of the opinion that boys should be kept from the companionship of young girls. We cannot agree with this view, for we think that nothing has a more refining influence, and is more calculated to improve the manners and soften the character of young boys, than the association of virtuous females of the same age. The case, of course, requires much keener inspection where the ages advance, and in the latter case the privation of all female society would be infinitely to be preferred to the questionable companionship of even one of the opposite sex. Where parents' means will allow it, music should be introduced into the course which children pursue. Many hours otherwise hanging on our hands, may be most agreeably, and even intellectually spent, in the execution of vocal and instrumental selections. But here an experience of years has taught us that of all badly taught branches music takes the palm.

It has been our lot to travel by land and by water over the greater portion of this continent, to say nothing of other places, and if anything has ever tempted us to vote music a bore, it has been the abominable torturing of the piano by the various misses whose modesty allowed them to amuse(?) their neighbor travellers. "The Nun's Prayer" we have heard rendered in a variety of styles which would defy the executive powers of Liszt, the imitative talent of Ru-

binstein, or the elongated fingers of Wehli. Can parents not understand that this detestable practice should cease. If they know nothing about music, and are contented to listen hour after hour to the chaotic mass or volume of sounds which the unfortunate piano is made to give forth, it does not follow that the balance of the travellers on board are of the same mediocre musical calibre. A short while ago we had occasion to take a trip with a party of friends who thought "that a day taken from business would be a month added to life;" we selected a very fine steamer, and for the first hour were delighted with our excursion. Just then a group of young ladies moved towards the piano, and in less than half an hour, every one in our party having the least knowledge of music had to retire in disgust.

The Java March, Il Baccio Waltz, and a number of other time-worn pieces, were made to give up, we verily believe, the little remnant of resemblance they still bear in the juvenile musical circles to the musical compositions bearing their names. On the other hand, what real enjoyment is afforded by persons who have taken the trouble to master a certain portion of the technical difficulties of music before undertaking the performance of any selection in public! Many years ago we had occasion to travel on the St. Lawrence. For awhile dulness seemed the order of the day. It so happened, however, that we were introduced to a very modest young lady, who in our after-conversation gave evidence of much information in musical literature. Not doubting for a moment that so much research would be found combined with equal ability as a performer, we ventured to ask if she could play anything from memory. With the true instincts of a lady, she at first ventured to suggest



that she was averse to giving any manifestation of apparent assumption, and therefore declined qualifiedly. As she was no less conversant with the Greek and Latin classics, than with those of Terpsichore, we made bold to say that it was unbecoming in her to verify the saying of one of the ancients, who tells us that it is usual for musicians to put in the plea of a broken string or a hoarse voice. She responded first by a piquant reference to those lines in which Shakspeare tells us that "Music hath charms to sootheth the savage breast," and then without further ado seated herself at the piano. As she was a native of Italy, she said that contrary to custom the last piece with others would be the first with her, and she gave us Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," in a style which so far as we were concerned made us think of the "dearest spot on earth," while we blessed the star under which we had been born that we had taken passage in the steamer in which our lady friend was found.

This will serve to illustrate what we wish to impress upon parents in regard to the musical education of their daughters.

There is no limit that can well be placed in so prolific a subject as "home education," and yet we

find that already we have occupied more time and space with the portion included in this paper than we originally intended the whole subject should embrace. We have yet said nothing of the religious education to be given children. Perhaps this should have been first mentioned. Here would be the place to discuss the merits of the various systems adopted in schools, colleges, and churches; to unfold the sublime mysteries of religion; but we must refrain for the present. We believe the generality of parents endeavor to instruct their children; may we not ask some one else to help the RECORD and ourselves in the grand work of telling those who do not know fully how to give them the priceless treasure of home education? No work is more called for; none promises greater results; none will merit, for those who undertake it, greater reward. Let parents in this not forget the obligation under which they labor to encourage schools aiming to give a true education. Let them bear in mind the words of the Father of our Country: "Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it should be enlightened."

---

A COMPETENCE is vital to content.  
 Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;  
 Sick, or incumbered, is our happiness.  
 A competence is all we can enjoy.  
 O be content where Heaven can give no more!  
 More, like a flash of water from a lock,  
 Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour;  
 But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys  
 Above our native temper's common stream.  
 Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,  
 As bees in flowers, and stings us with success.

## NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

THE celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story :

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, everything about him, even in the days of the Consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending Mass previous to the hour of audience was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearances at the chapel of Saint Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the Consular court to the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on Mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered

that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage caused the more uneasiness to the Consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her.

"Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him."

No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family. With such guesses as this the Consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, Cambacères, and Hortense Beauharnais, wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell

prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing he did was to put his hand into his pocket, and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words: "*Do not drive out in your carriage to-day.*"

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon afterwards he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside.

"Citizen-consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost."

"How so?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb, a real massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it kindled. Things had been so arranged that, in a quarter of an hour, we should have been scattered among the trees of the park of Saint Cloud. There must be treachery close at hand. Fouché must be told of this. Dubois must be warned."

"Not a word to them," replied Bonaparte; "the knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambacères—tell none of

them, and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time.

"Duroc," said he at length, "you will come to-morrow to Mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb and removed it?"

"I have, citizen-consul."

"Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte. The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confidant Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at Mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were spent at Malmaison, the winters at St. Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of the month which the republicans well called *Nivose*; and in the evening Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the



middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying,

"Citizen-consul! citizen-consul! read—read!"

Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the mis-sive.

"A petition, madam?" said he, inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done."

"Citizen-consul—" cried the woman, imploringly, joining her hands.

What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprang off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions,

"I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along. It was just issuing from the street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows, and the cries of the injured passers-by. The infernal machine had exploded. Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted as usual the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied; Bonaparte only was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his

hands. He took it out, and read these lines:

"In the name of Heaven, citizen-consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street St. Nicholas."

The warning came in some respects too late.

On reading these words, the Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of Saint Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door.

"Go," said Bonaparte, quietly but quickly, to Lannes,—"go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries; I *must* see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upwards, "See there, look."

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouché and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the Consul-ate succeeded the Empire, and victory after victory marked the career

of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The Isle of Elba became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and finally the resuscitated Empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had lately given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At that instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, but young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would at all times have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment.

"Sire, sire," said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read, read."

The Emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of Saint Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends came haply before him, and among them the face

which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman; "follow the advice. Be warned; it is yet time."

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful Oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it kneeling, and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterwards he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of *three warnings*, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred; and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"O," replied Fouché, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the Street Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hôtel-Dieu in 1837, and that around her neck was found, suspended by a silk ribbon, the exquisite Oriental ruby of Napoleon.

## CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

## VII.

WHATEVER unevenness the alteration made by the deluge may have produced upon the earth, in execution of the design of Providence to bind its inhabitants together, by a multiplication of all sorts of wants and by a communication of mutual supports, God has not seemed willing to destroy all the outside covering of this globe, or to hide completely under the sea whatever constituted the first habitation of mankind. Hence it has been his pleasure that there should remain one portion of the country of Eden, and that through the whole series of ages might be seen the vestiges of the habitation of our first parents. These have been exactly recorded by Moses and characterized by recognizable marks. The river Tigris and Euphrates, having two different sources, united in one single bed, and by dividing again form two others; one called Geon, ran through the country of Chus; the other, called Phison, traversed the country which, since the dispersion, was called Chavilath, where the finest gold and precious stones were found. The first two rivers are perfectly known, and a third is still known by the name given to the Chusistan into which it runs towards the Persian Gulf. The fourth is the arm that ran to the west on the same side of the Euphrates, and which is still seen in Arabia, in the province which Arian called Phasine. The precious stones and gold of Arabia were famous in former times. The fishing of pearls has never been interrupted on the western coast of the Persian Gulf, into which the Phison ran; if that name has been given to some other river, it is because other streams, that

carried spangles of gold, ran into the Arabian Phison. Notwithstanding the numberless trenches which the ancient kings of Persia and the modern Arabians have made in the Euphrates to water their plains, the long ditch that was the bed of the river Phison is still recognized, and delineated with the utmost exactness by geographers and modern travellers. The concurrence of all these circumstances verify the account given by Moses regarding that district of country. Although the country where the Tigris and Euphrates ran together in one channel has been subject to a great many innovations, and has been often changed in appearance by the various courses given to these rivers, yet one perceives the excellence which caused the children of Noah to choose it for their habitation, and made several conquerors, from age to age, eager to gain its possession. Strabo and Pliny in their geographies, and historians and travellers, have generally extolled the extraordinary fertility of the region.

All those who have forged the origin of their own nation, or who have without discretion repeated the old stories they had heard from others, had the convenient shelter of an antiquity where the whole might be arranged at will without fearing the comparison of another history. When the Grecians caused men to spring out of the hollows of the oaks that covered the vale of Tempe, or hatched them like so many ants' nests under the plains of Arcadia; when the Chinese and Egyptian storytellers made gold and polished arts to come out of the hands of Foky and Herness, four thousand years before their



own time, they were not opposed by the historians of the neighboring nations nor any contradictory monuments. The reason of this silence is that the earth was not at that fabulous period created nor peopled. Moses, on the contrary, had everything against him; yet he is so sure of his monuments that he not only derives the origin of the human race from Adam alone, but he also states that all the inhabitants of the earth in his own lifetime were the progeny of a single man, Noah, who lived eight or nine centuries before him. He is not afraid of the objection, that some nations had a white complexion, that some were olive-colored, some red, some swarthy, and some absolutely black, so as to make it doubtful whether they had a common origin. He is very certain that these different skins supposed no difference of origin, but only different climates, or a temperature and food capable, by their diversity of principles, to vary the constitution of and complexion of men. He did not apprehend that one should show him cyclops with only a single eye in the middle of the forehead, or deformities with two eyes on their breast, or men who from generation had but four of our senses, or a sixth one. Such tales either were not then contrived or made no impression on Moses. The task of the historian was still more perplexing by the necessity that occurred of showing the whole of mankind gathered on the Euphrates in the city of Babel, and speaking one and the same language, about eight hundred years before his own time. Two inscriptions of an older date, and two different languages, would make his whole book fall to the ground. A man speaking with such confidence necessarily found the proof, not the refutation of his dates, in the Egyptian monuments. In fact the exactness of his narrative re-

futed, by way of anticipation, the fables afterwards introduced in the Egyptian annals.

This point in history is of the utmost importance, when it is examined thoroughly, and it is inquired whether nature and society supply vestiges and proofs of what Moses advances.

The children of Noah being multiplied, and living very uncomfortably in the rocks where the ark was stranded, passed the Tigris, and chose the fruitful plains of Sanaar, in the lower Mesopotamia, for their settlement. The necessary provision for the wants of a multitude of inhabitants and flocks obliged them at last to extend their territory. As there was not in that immense plain any eminent object that could be perceived from a distance, they said: Let us build a town and a tower that may reach up to the heavens; let us make to ourselves a recognizable mark, that we may not be disunited when we disperse here and there. As they had not stone, they baked bricks, and the asphaltus or bitumen, which the country afforded in plenty, served them for mortar. The Lord determined to stop this undertaking by diversifying their language. This introduced confusion, whence the place was called Babel, which signifies confusion. We may ask, has there been a town known by the name of Babel, a well-known tower near to it; a plain of Sinhaar in Mesopotamia; a river Euphrates; plains so level as might render the precaution of building a tower intelligible and rational; in fine, is asphaltus a natural production of that country? From the earliest times when men began to write, all profane antiquity has been acquainted with the Euphrates and the smoothness of the plain. Ptolemy, in his maps of Asia, terminates the plain of Mesopotamia at the Mount Sinhaar on the side of the Tigris. All historians men-

tion that all the lands contiguous to Babylon were so level that the gardens were raised on massive brick buildings, that they might be distinguished from the level plain, and vary the prospects. Ammianus Marcellinus, who followed the apostate emperor Julian into the country, Pliny, and all geographers, both ancient and modern, testify the extent and evenness of those plains, where sight is exhausted without being able to fix upon a single object. The abundance of bitumen flowing naturally, and the extraordinary fertility of ancient Babylon, have been duly noticed. All these combine to make us acquainted with the remains of the country of Eden, and to verify the particulars stated by Moses. Also profane literature, without exception, pays homage to the Scripture, whilst all other histories are as unsatisfactory as though they fell from the moon.

The fault Moses charges upon the children of Noah was not as the Septuagint translation says, *that of pretending to get a name before the dispersion*, but it was, according to the literal meaning of the original text, that of building an habitation that might contain a numerous nation, and of joining to it a tower, which, seen at a great distance, might become a rallying sign, to prevent wandering and separation. The inconvenience they desired to avoid, was the very thing God intended and required of them. They knew very well that the Lord had for above a century invited them to disperse and distribute themselves in colonies from one region to another, and they were actually taking measures to frustrate or prevent for a long while the execution of His design. Owing to the confusion of languages, the various countries were gradually peopled, by fixing therein the inhabitants whom the use of one and the same language had

reunited, and who had been compelled to go and live distant from the other families whom they could not understand any longer.

The actual state of the earth, and all the known histories, testify the intention that has very early after the flood divided the languages. It was worthy of the Divine wisdom to employ for the early and speedy peopling of different countries, the very same means which still fix their inhabitants, and prevent dispersion. There are countries so very good, and others so unfavorable, that men would roam from one to the other, if the use of the same language were not a bond strong enough to keep the inhabitants of unpleasant climates attached to their own country. The miracle mentioned by Moses even at this day peoples every part of the earth as effectually as it did in the time of the dispersion of the children of Noah, and throughout all the ages of the world.

Another characteristic of the exact truth of this narrative is, that the diversity of languages agrees with the dates assigned by Moses. It is prior to all known history. The Egyptian pyramids, "the Arundel marbles," engraved with Grecian history, three hundred years before Christ, and other monuments of a truthful character, do not go back to a more remote antiquity. Moreover, the reunion of mankind in Chaldea before the dispersion, is a fact altogether conformable to the respective migrations of the first colonies. They all set out from the east, both men and arts, and gradually advanced towards the west, the south, and the north. History shows us kings and imposing establishments in the centre and on the coasts of Asia, at a time when nothing had been heard of any other colonies. If the Chinese and Egyptians have had at an early period greater re-

semblance than others with the ancient inhabitants of Chaldea, by their sedentary disposition, their symbolical figures, their astronomical knowledge, and by the practice of a few refined arts, it is because they immediately settled in favorable lands, where, not being thwarted by the woods that covered all other regions, nor by the wild beasts that disturbed other settlements, they multiplied very quickly, and retained the use of the first inventions. The very remote antiquity of these three nations, and their resemblance in so many points, notwithstanding the vast distances that separate them, evidences the unity of their origin, and singular exactness of sacred history. The state of the other colonies was very different from those who settled early in the rich plains of the Euphrates, the Kiau, and the Nile. Let us imagine in other countries vagrant families that have not landmarks or roads, and enter adventurously a wild region where everything is wanting; no instruments to practice the knowledge they might have retained; no rest to allow them to perfect what actual necessity might cause them to invent. The want of sufficient means of subsistence often set them quarrelling; jealousy caused mutual destruction; one small company putting to flight another handful of men. This wandering and unstable way of living made them forget everything, and reduced them to the poorest methods of industry and dwelling, such as *flint hatchets*, *lacustrine cottages*, &c., which our modern foolosophers pretend to be evidences of an order of things contradictory to holy writ. Nothing but a renewal of correspondence with the East caused an alteration and improvement. The Goths and all the people of the North ceased to be barbarous only by settling in Gaul and Italy. The

Franks and Gauls owe their refinement to the Romans, and to the Irish, who, through Milesius, had transported primeval civilization to the far western isle. Greece remained rough, till the arrival of Cadmus, who carried thither the Phœnician letters. The Greeks being charmed with this help, addicted themselves to the cultivation of their language, to poetry, and singing. They were not much inclined to the cultivation of politics, architecture, navigation, astronomy, and painting, till they travelled to Memphis, Tyre, and to the court of Persia. They improved everything, but did not invent. It is then no less evident from profane history than from the Scripture narrative, that the East has been the common source of nations, and of the liberal arts and sciences. It is remarkable that there never has been any progress, except in after times, when the frenzy of conquests reconducted the armies of the West into Asia.

The agreement between the narratives of the Bible and the contemporary state of society, cannot fail to fix the attention of intelligent men, and to puzzle those unfortunate errorists who are so eager to substantiate untruth. Skeptics are uneasy and wavering, in proportion as they are erudite, and possessed of integrity and sound reason. They know that the beauty of style which captivates us in favor of Roman and Athenian writers is not a legitimate cause for despising Moses, or those who, after him, contributed several books of the Jews and early Christians. These are not elaborate histories, but contemporary memoirs of the events they relate. We are not warranted to reject any recitals, except so far as we can discover imposture or ignorance in the narration. We cannot accuse Moses, nor any subsequent writer of the same order, of any fault in this



respect. They relate what they saw, or what they had learned from their fathers, and according to memoirs handed down to them. The facts are supported by the concurrence of certain particulars; they are certified by the testimony of monuments actually extant; and by an order of local positions that suppose that the narrator had correct sight and information.

---

STABAT MATER.

Stood the Mother tearful, anguished,  
'Neath the cross, while Jesus languished  
Thereon, through his agony.

Through her soul, with sorrow groaning,  
All his bitter pains bemoaning,  
Passed the sword of prophecy.

O! how sad and sore distressed  
Was that Mother, ever blessed,  
Of the sole begotten One.

Grief her every sense imbuing,  
As she, shuddering, stood viewing  
The throes of her glorious Son.

Who no tearful founts unsealing,  
Still could bear in dread revealing  
Christ's dear Mother's woe untold.

Who could sorrow's sway controlling,  
That fond Mother's dread condoling  
With her Son, unmoved behold.

For his own race unrelenting,  
Saw she Him bear their tormenting,  
All his frame with scourges rent.

Saw that Child, her delectation,  
Dying, hang mid desolation,  
While his Spirit forth he sent.

Then, O Mother, fount of loving,  
Thy grief's force my spirit moving,  
Grant that I may with thee weep.

Love's bright flame my heart dilating,  
Christ, my Lord, conciliating,  
Ever in my bosom keep.

Holy Mother, grant this blessing,  
On my heart the wounds impressing,  
Of Him who was crucified.

Thy Son's pangs with me dividing,  
Who those wounds and tortures biding  
For me worthily hath died.

Flow my tears, with thine e'er blending,  
Thy Son's woe my spirit rending,  
Until death shall be at hand.

Near the cross my vigil keeping,  
In thy grief my spirit steeping,  
With thee may I constant stand.

Virgin, than all virgins fairer,  
Be to me a gracious hearer,  
Let my tears with thine e'er fall.

Let me, Christ's death in me bearing,  
In his sacred passion sharing,  
Fondly his blest wounds recall.

With those wounds me penetrating,  
Me his cross inebriating,  
Thy Son's love let mine repay.

Lest in quenchless flames I perish,  
Virgin, with thy succor, cherish  
Me upon the judgment-day.

May I, on the cross relying,  
Christ's death my soul fortifying,  
In the strength of grace e'er rise.

Let me, Lord, when life is ending,  
Thy sweet Mother me befriending,  
Gain at length the victor's prize.

When with death my frame is riven,  
Be a life of glory given  
To my soul, in Paradise.

## GERTRUDE LEIGH.

IN one of the most sequestered glens in the heart of Mid-Lothian, stood a quaint old house, that had the appearance of having been at one time of great importance. A massive outer wall, inclosing a paved courtyard, a dilapidated flight of stone steps, leading to a spacious entrance hall, seemed to indicate days of wealth and grandeur. But those days had passed away, and the very walls were silent monitors of the vanity of earthly pomp. Many changes had that old house seen, ere it came to the possession of its present occupier, Owen Leigh, the youngest son of an old Scotch family.

In a room that was now used as parlor and nursery, sat a young mother, gazing sadly and earnestly into the blue eyes of the infant that she held in her arms, as though anxious to read the affections of her darling through those loopholes of the soul, when suddenly she started, pressed it close to her beating heart; for, with quick maternal instinct, she had seen a strange unearthly look on the face of her little one.

An attendant was immediately despatched to the nearest town, to summon one whose skill for poor suffering babyhood was well known.

But death tarries not; and, though the frightened messenger hastened with all possible speed, the snow, which lay thick and deep on the ground, impeded his progress, and, long before help came, the little one had breathed out its life on the lap of its distracted mother.

Then there was the quiet tread, and the subdued voices, which spoke of death; and the bereaved mother sat mute, her heart a blank,

in silent, hopeless sorrow; she mourned, and, like Rachel, would not be comforted. Her husband, by his presence and kind attention, added to her grief; his sunken cheek, with that fatal hectic flush, showed but too plainly that consumption had claimed him as its victim; and, ever and anon, as his deep hollow cough fell upon her ear, she shuddered, and knew that ere long he, too, would be taken from her. In those moments of intense agony, this terrible crushing and destroying of the earthly idols she so fondly clung to, her stricken soul cried:

"Why is it? O! my God, what have I done that Thou shouldst thus crush me in Thy might?"

The day came, when all that remained of what they had so much loved should be taken from their sight. It was Christmas time when the angels took that little one to join their bright company in Paradise, to celebrate with them the anniversary of that joyous festival, when the sweet Babe of Bethlehem appeared in His rude cot of nature's framing.

Ah! could that poor mother have looked with the eye of faith on the bliss of Heaven, and remembered that the way there is strewn with crosses, and that God, who is Love, does all things for love; promptly would she, like Abraham, have offered her firstborn, and, in holy submission, have acknowledged that "He who spared not His own Son" was all wise, and knew what was best for His creatures.

The minister of the kirk they attended was one of the old Puritan school. He visited the mourners, and, in that cold, formal, solemn manner, so characteristic of Puri-



tanism, read to them a few carefully selected passages from the Sacred Scriptures.

Then they took the little one, and laid her in her last resting-place. No prayers were said by that open grave; no loving hands sprinkled it with holy water, that last parting tribute of pious affection; gloomily, sadly, and silently they lowered that little coffin to the earth, and returned to their homes.

But the bereaved mother, though oppressed with grief at the death of her child, seemed much more distressed—after the last sad rites were over, she was uneasy, anxious, troubled—that the body of her lost darling had been placed in the earth just as she, in the days of her girlhood, had buried a pet canary.

“Can this be a Christian burial?” she asked herself; and, for the first time, began to doubt the practice and teaching of what she had hitherto thought to be right. Like Mary, “she kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.”

Day by day she watched with tender solicitude the wasting strength of her husband; and, when the warm sun came again to gladden the earth with its brightness, they would often visit that little grave in the quiet secluded kirkyard, and with chastened spirits speak of that mysterious thing called death, and of the hope of a reunion in Heaven; but there was a vague, undefined, speculative uncertainty, an absence of that firm belief which, like an anchor, supports the soul of a true Catholic, under the severest trials.

Days and weeks and months passed. The wasted form was still more wasted; the sunken cheeks grew still more sunken; that deep, unceasing cough still continued to rob the poor sufferer of the repose he so much craved, until at last the once strong man yielded to death. Quietly and wearily he fell asleep; that sleep from which there is no awakening till the last great day,

when the greedy graves will have to yield up their prey.

Again there was the hush of death in that old house. The same quiet whisperings, the same suggestive silence; only that the silence now seemed more still and unendurable, and that desolate widowed heart gave many an agonizing cry to One who, from that great white throne above, ever listens to the cry of His children's sorrow.

There are griefs so great and sacred that all human aid and consolation is unavailing. Such was now the grief of that childless widow, Gertrude Leigh. She missed the gentle pressure of that thin, wasted hand, and realized the indescribable loneliness of early widowhood.

Outwardly, things went on much in the same old way. Nature was in her brightest mood. Birds sang joyously; the little brook sparkled and murmured, as it ran on its course; flowers bloomed, and gaily flung out their perfumes; the blue sky above, with its pure, fleecy clouds, sailing majestically along in their quiet grandeur; the green sod beneath, bright and varied, with its wild gems of buttercups and daisies, spoke of a good, loving, and bountiful Creator.

But in one sad heart all was gloom; it was the dreary winter of a soul in desolation. Then came that deep yearning of the soul in its helplessness, that upward turning and silent pleading for strength and for help.

Ah! when, like Mary, we take our stand at the foot of the Cross, and gaze on the Crucified One, and in emptiness of soul look to Him, then it is that hope dawns, and we realize how God has loved us; and we pray to Him more earnestly, more hopefully, for light, for love, and for guidance.

The time soon came when Gertrude Leigh had to leave that home which, only two short years ago,

she had entered as a bride—a bright, happy, trusting bride—and now, how changed! She bid farewell to scenes that had grown very dear to her, and soon found herself being rapidly hurried away, far away, past quiet glens and busy towns; but her thoughts wandered painfully back to those two newly-made graves in that quiet kirkyard, and her pent-up sorrow found relief in one agonizing burst of tears.

And that long weary journey! Would it never end? It ended at last; and she saw old faces waiting to welcome her back to the home of her childhood; and time, that great healer of grief, softened the poignancy of her sorrow. But those doubts, those misgivings, would not leave her. There was that deep unrest of the soul, that desire for truth; for something more real, more certain than the vague shadowy sentiment that had hitherto guided her; and so, step by step, did our Lord lead this soul to Himself, just as a tender, earthly father guides the tottering steps of his child in its first efforts to walk.

Listlessly and languidly glancing over the leaves of a periodical, Gertrude's attention was attracted by the account of one who had recently left the uncertain, ever varying teaching of Protestantism, and found a home and resting place for his soul in that grand old school of the Saints, the one true Catholic Apostolic Church.

Gertrude's heart beat fast and quick with an unusual emotion. She, too, would investigate; she, too, would beg for grace, to be guided into the way of truth. There was much to be done; but light came at last, and with the light hope and love. She was convinced

that in the Catholic Church alone was to be found that certainty, that unity, that sanctity for which the soul craved; but there were many difficulties. Old prejudices, old habits, old friends, seemed to rise up like an army, in opposition to the light that had just dawned on her soul.

Should she surrender? She could not tell. God and truth were the two watchwords, with which she girded herself for the coming struggle. She obtained an interview with a Catholic clergyman, then very soon her soul was at rest; and with joy she acknowledged herself a Catholic, and felt a strength she had hitherto been a stranger to, for she knew her faith was grounded on a rock, which would never fail her.

Many hidden trials awaited her. There were many estrangements more cruel than death; but her heart was at peace now, and in the midst of earthly sorrows she could look forward calmly and hopefully to the end, gratefully acknowledging that she was now in the "narrow way," which would lead her straight through all the tribulations of this world's weary wilderness, and, with St. Bernard, she knew that, "if the labor terrifies, the reward invites."

Gertrude Leigh was only one of the thousands who, wearied with the contradictions of Protestant sects, are gradually led to the conviction that, since truth is one and unchangeable, and the Christian Revelation is the unveiling of truth to man, that Revelation cannot issue in contradictory Churches, that there can be but one true Church, and that must be the Church of the Old Religion, one and indivisible, Catholic and Roman.

## A VISIT TO THE SHRINE OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

SALERNO! lovely spot—fit resting-place for the Evangelist St. Matthew, who lies buried in the marble vaults of the old Cathedral. How beautiful it looked on that midsummer Sunday, as it lay beneath the Italian sun, contrasting the dazzling whiteness of its houses with the soft blue of the Mediterranean. But we were to start for the Shrine of St. Alphonsus, to leave the sea behind us for a while, and to exchange the pleasures of scenery, for the more devotional joys of a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Holy Doctor. The pilgrimage would have been by rail (unromantic thought), but as ill luck, or rather good luck, would have it, we arrived too late at the station, in spite of all the energetic driving of our Jehu-like coachman. "How far is Pagani by road?" was the only question which suggested itself. "Nine miles," was the reply.

"How much do you want?" we said.

"Thirteen francs," said our driver, delighted at the prospect of a bargain.

Well, anything was better than putting off our expedition, and unloading once more at the hotel, so the bargain was struck, and in a few moments we were on the dusty road that leads inland from Salerno.

The only object of interest during our drive (excepting, of course, the distant view of Vesuvius), was the monastery of La Cava. Perched on the summit of an inaccessible-looking hill, the old building seemed well suited for those who once sought solitude and contemplation within its walls. Italian monasteries, however, are a melancholy sight; their inhabitants are scattered and their choirs dissolved.

As a general rule, a few religious are allowed to remain, just to "keep up" the church; but in one case, at least, the house has been completely deserted, viz., the Camaldolese convent near Lorets.

Having passed through Nocera, we reached our destination at Pagani. Here we were beset by beggars of all sorts, who, for imaginary services, demanded the meed of ten soldi or more. The only thing was to beat a precipitate retreat into the convent; but no! one of our tormentors, bolder than the rest, followed us all about the passages, stood when we stood, knelt when we knelt, walked when we walked; in short, left us no peace.

Certainly, the only way to see Italy comfortably is to travel armed with a profusion of half-francs; beggars, unless bought off, will follow you to the railway station or hotel, and prove very disagreeable customers.

The monastery at Pagani was one of the houses founded by St. Liguori himself, and thither he retired to die after resigning his laborious bishopric. It is a large, solidly built house, with long corridors and deserted cells. Deserted! yes—for out of fifty or sixty *Liguorini* (*i. e.*, Redemptorists) only six have been allowed by the Government to remain. The Superior, to whom we were introduced, told us that the majority of the exiled religious had returned to their homes, to "hope for better times." The old priest was most affable to his English visitors, gave us relics of his great Patron, and had us conducted to the little apartment where St. Alphonsus breathed his last. What a small, silent room it was; poor, scantily furnished and



insignificant; left just as it appeared on that first of August, 1787, when it witnessed the death of one of the greatest propagators of Christianity whom the world has seen since the days of St. Paul. The bed was in the corner, the mattress upon it, and at the foot the linen carefully folded and tied with ribbon. It reminded one of the Sepulchre in which the linen was folded but the Body was gone; and so from this bed of suffering the good servant had gone to his reward, leaving, nevertheless, innumerable souls to deplore his loss.

There still hangs the little picture of the Madonna and Child on which the saint fixed his dying eyes, and close to it, the candle which he held at death. We took a small portion of the wax; a precious relic of one who has taught so many thousands how to die. It is interesting to recall the words with which St. Liguori has apostrophized the death-candle. In his sermon for the fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, he says: "O Candle, O Candle, enlighten us while we are still in life; at our last hourly light shall serve us no more, save only to terrify and alarm us." What awe we felt in that chamber of death! It seemed as if the spirit of God's loving servant still haunted the spot. Near us, in the anteroom, stood the altar at which he had so often said Mass. From the window one saw the orange groves upon which, doubtless, he had so often gazed when composing those spiritual treatises which have proved the salvation of countless souls. It was with

regret that we left so sacred a spot. We were next shown the church. Under a side altar lie the bones of Our Saint, dressed in full pontificals, and the head is incased in a plaster effigy. The effect is not so pleasing as at the tomb of St. Charles at Milan, or St. Zeno at Verona, where the faces are exposed to view; the actual face of St. Alphonsus is not to be seen. Leaving the altar we entered the sacristy; here we were shown the cassock, collar, breviary, &c., just as the Holy Doctor left them at death. There is nothing very noticeable in the central aisle of the church, except, perhaps, the vast inscription over the High Altar "QUIS UT DEUS" ("Who like God"), a salutary lesson to any Protestant ready to exclaim against Mariolatry and image-worship, or tempted to believe that Catholics put Mary in the place of her Creator.

The afternoon congregation had now assembled, and the Superior was preaching a sermon quite in the style of his great predecessor; but we were obliged to leave, and had no time to thank him for the cordial welcome he had given us. In another moment we were hurrying to the station, *en route* for Naples. The beggars resumed their pursuit—and it was not till the train was fairly off that one had time to admire the greatness of a man who abandoned the honors and comforts of metropolitan life to spend his talents in teaching these poor creatures the way to truth, and in proclaiming to the world the infinite love of its Redeemer.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE THRESHOLD OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.** A Course of Plain Instructions for those entering her Communion. By Rev. John B. Bagshawe, Missionary Rector of St. Elizabeth's, Richmond. With a preface by the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 S. Third Street.

The title of this book is in a certain sense a misnomer, for while at first glance it would lead us to believe that the work is specially intended for the benefit of those who are at furthest only at the portals of the Church, we, on fuller inspection, find that it is equally serviceable for a large class of Catholics whom we regret to have to classify as little better than *strangers within her gates*.

Father Bagshawe very aptly remarks (pp. 7 and 8): "A man who has got his mind very full of the notion of God sees his own littleness in comparison with God's greatness, feels his own ignorance in comparison with God's infinite wisdom, thinks of God's presence everywhere, consequently has a great reverence for Him and all things belonging to Him, and feels a deep responsibility to Him for all his actions. *Such a man as this finds no difficulty in religion.* The mysteries of his faith seem quite reasonable and natural to him; they are consistent with the idea of God, which is familiar to him. The things required of him in the service of God are just what he is prepared to give. If he is not a Catholic, should the Catholic religion ever be put in his way so as to give him a chance of knowing it, he will be in a good disposition to embrace it.

"On the other hand, if a man has not in his heart much real thought of God or reverence for Him, you may be sure that his religion rests on a very slight foundation. It is like the house built on the sand; *whatever external appearance it may have, it is in danger of falling in the first trial—and the rains fell and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell*' (St. Matthew, 7 : 27)."

Here we have minutely described the characters of the two classes of persons for whom this book is intended. They can, however, be ranged under one head, namely, those needing instruction in the Catholic religion, whether as outsiders seeking it, or baptized children of the

faith failing to know and appreciate the gift of God. The former, coming to the fountain of living waters, as they generally do come, with a perfect heart, need only instruction for the head; the latter, personified by the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, must be trained through the heart and by the instrumentality of a winsome love. Both must be made to *know* the gift of God before they can fully appreciate it, receiving first the word with joy ere they bring forth fruit in season. How is this to be done? *They must read.* Whatever profession of life we adopt we must prepare for it by arduous study; no duty of the world, however trifling, can be fulfilled without some preparation, nor *perfectly* performed without long practice. Shall the science of salvation, in comparison with which all secular learning and profit are nothing, shall it alone be neglected? Learned intuitively it may be, by a special grace, a grace, however, not wasted upon those whom God has blessed with the talents and means to acquire it in the natural way, but to the main question we answer promptly, No. The duty of studying the Christian religion being self-apparent, we have only to add that we know of no work better suited for the purpose, no book better adapted to educate both the head and heart, none more thorough, treating alike of dogma, doctrine, discipline, and ritual, yet none at the same time more briefly comprehensive than Father Bagshawe's welcome work. Himself one of those English converts than whom none know better the trials of a mind seeking the light of faith, the completeness with which he has provided so excellent a means for so perfect an end is proven by the warm reception his book has already received.

**SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS** in the years 1860-69. By Edward Whymper; with over 100 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1873.

We can suggest nothing more seasonable as a subject for summer reading than the pages of this charming volume, redolent with the spray of Alpine avalanches and delicious with the crisp breathings of those snow-clad peaks and cool retreats mid the recesses of the mountain boulders. Who has not heard of the Alps, their magnificent scenery, and the exciting adventures of tourists who cross their famous passes from France to Italy?



The romantic hospitality of Mount Saint Bernard, or the more material pleasure of a ride over the Fell railway, or through the Mount Cenis Tunnel, are familiar themes to all; but who has known of this marvellous range of mountains as Mr. Whympers so graphically describes them? Seldom if ever have the ice-bound secrets of their byways, the hidden places of their rocks, their highest summits and deepest valleys, their Fauna and Flora, the character of their inhabitants, their manner of life, even their peculiar diseases, cretinism and the goitre; in a word, everything in the natural order, as well as the mechanical wonders by which the skill of man has superadded to the marvels of this region and facilitated travel therein, are all discussed in a style full of the deep research and romantic dash of one thoroughly conversant with the subject. He has literally scrambled all through this *terra incognita*, and disclosed its wonders, to the pleasure and profit of the reader, in a series of papers recently published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, of which this book is a compilation in the form of an octavo volume, beautifully printed on rich tinted paper, handsomely bound, and its literary value doubly enhanced by the profusion of illustrations on wood, which have merited unqualified praise from hosts of *connoisseurs* as being almost unequalled of their kind in the engraver's art. These are from designs and photographs by a number of distinguished artists, and executed under the personal supervision of Messrs. T. W. and Edward Whympers.

A COURSE OF PHILOSOPHY, embracing Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics, designed as a text-book for the use of schools. By Rev. A. Louage, C.S.C., professor in the University at Notre Dame. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1873.

In the June (1873) number of the *RECORD*, while reviewing a work on philosophy somewhat similar to the one before us, we took occasion to express our gratification at the publication of a Catholic philosophical text-book, and at the same time gave utterance to the wish that it would be followed speedily by other kindred works. We little anticipated then that our desire would be so soon gratified. Fr. Louage's work is far more elementary, more condensed and simpler in its diction than the pioneer volume of Fr. Hill. We particularly advise the reader to peruse the preface to the present volume, as it is valuable for the suggestions it gives with regard to the importance of studying philosophy. We have not found anything in the body of the work contrary

to sound doctrine or even of unsafe tendency; but we would, as a general rule, warn authors of such treatises, now that they are beginning to take a place among our school-books, against too great condensation, lest they become dangerously inexplicit or be chargeable with a brevity equivalent to absurdity.

POINTS OF HISTORY. Boston: Patrick Donahue, 1873.

We are heartily delighted at the issue of a new edition of this old and invaluable little work, coming as it does at a time when the argumentative contest over the historical questions of which it treats is being reopened with renewed bitterness. Protestantism, the offspring of the "father of lies," lives, thrives, and fattens on the food of mendacity, served up by its own writers. Catholic authors, however, have been on the alert. The late and doubly lamented Col. James F. Meline—peace to his ashes!—by his "Mary, Queen of Scots," his recompilation of Hüber's "Xystus V.," and, if we mistake not the penman, by several articles in the *Catholic World*, on such subjects as "Pope Joan" and similar mendacious trash, has dealt most vigorous blows upon the backs of some of the "new school historians" and the old "reformed" ones too. The little book we are reviewing appeared, however, long before Col. Meline entered the lists, and ably refutes the calumnies against the Church, or explains the doubtful points in such subjects as *The Inquisition*, *The Albigenses and the Waldenses*, *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, *The Gunpowder Plot*, *Galileo*, and *Religious Toleration a Question of First Principles*. The only fault we have heard insinuated against the book is the absence of notes of reference or an index of authorities. But then the present edition comes to us more substantially clad than its predecessors, and the new dress is so pleasing that we will let it cover those little sins of omission, while we take the book like an old friend upon its yet never-failing word.

SUMMER EXCURSIONIST, 1873.

We have received from D. M. Boyd, Jr., Esq., a copy of "The Summer Excursionist," a neat little pamphlet issued by the enterprising managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, containing a descriptive list of several hundred favorite excursions. This little volume contains much valuable information to the travelling public, and will be found particularly useful to all who may be contemplating a trip at the present time, the most delightful season of the year for travelling.







